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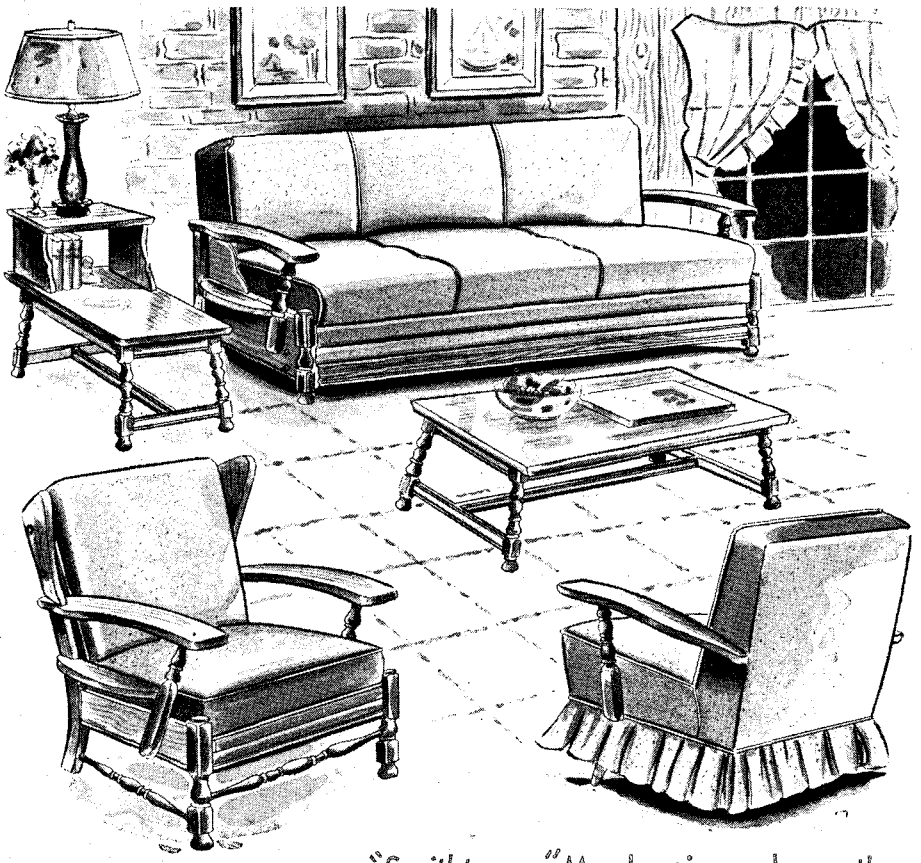

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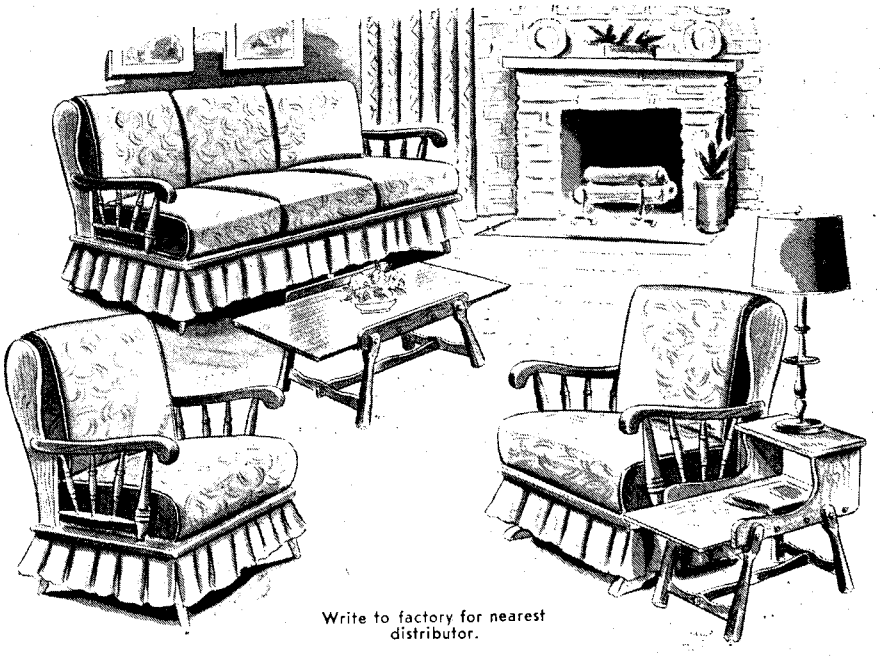

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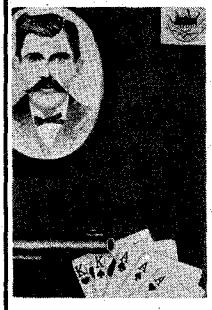

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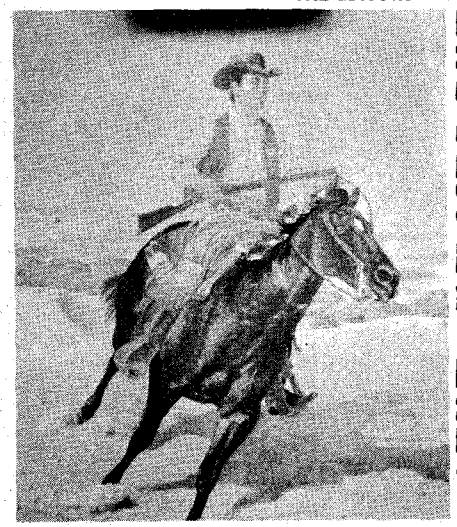
Coming Up!

A note of explanation is in order leading off this column.

For months past we have been literally besieged with letters from readers asking us to please list upcoming articles in the magazine. Now that we are doing just that, we'll let you in on a little secret. The ONLY reason we never printed a column like this before, was the simple fact that we never KNEW what was coming up in the next issue! Now that things around these diggin's have simmered down a mite, we're getting to know which way is straight up and also getting the magazine laid out an issue in advance. Thanks for stringing patiently along with us while we worked out the kinks.

THE EDITORS



Next True West Cover — by Randy Steffan

In the next issue of TRUE WEST we are introducing an innovation—three articles with a central theme. Marshall McClelland's "The Day the Dalton's Died," Chuck Martin's "Emmett Dalton's Six-shooter," and Shy Osborn's "Gun With a Story to Tell," all present different angles and facets of the Doolin-Dalton gangs of outlaws, what became of them and two of their famed six-guns. Let us know if you like this idea of exploring one theme as thoroughly as possible in the same issue. If we get enough votes in the affirmative, we'll do it again some time.

Nell Murbarger, the "Roving Reporter of the Southwest," spins another of her fascinating ghosttown yarns—"Ringtailed Roarer"—the story of turbulent Rawhide, Nevada; complete with excellent photographs by the author. Judging from her fan mail, Nell Murbarger is one of our most popular writers. We know you'll enjoy her latest article.

Of course you've read of the great Yukon Gold Rush of 1897. In the next issue you will thrill to a story of those rugged days as told by Charlie McKenzie—a man who lived them. In "Haze Over Chilkoot," you will make the perilous journey step by step with Charlie over dreaded Chilkoot Pass; that glittering, ice-crowned gateway to the Yukon. If you've ever had a touch of gold fever—as who hasn't?—don't miss this one!

On the different side, there will be a piece on the wonderful "hog dogs" of Texas—those truly fabulous dogs that round up wild hogs with a skill and intelligence that amazes everyone lucky enough to watch them in action. Sam E. Harris tells their story in crisp text and amplifies his article with cracking good photographs.

Continuing the vastly popular series of articles on the Superstitions, Major Rod Ackerman contributes an article on Elisha Reavis, "The Madman of the Superstitions." Reavis, not so well publicized as the Dutchman, was an even more mysterious figure. In fact, the man was downright spooky. His appearance and behavior were so weird he even scared off an Apache war party come to lift his scalp!

Short features include "Bowie—the Man and the Knife," by Harry Andrews, and the story of the Butterfield Overland Stage Line to California, by M. R. Krythe.

Norman B. Wiltsey winds up "Hawks of the Desert" in the next issue. The Indian series is nearing its conclusion, with only the Comanches and the Sioux to be covered in subsequent issues.

Plus TRULY WESTERN—the one feature you can never do without.

See you in two months!

November-December, 1955
Volume 3 No. 2
Whole No. 12

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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LIFE ON THE TEXAS RANGE

Photographs by
ERWIN E. SMITH

Text by
J. EVETTS HALEY

"Looking at Erwin Smith's best work, I am sometimes tempted to put it higher than all the pictures of all the painters who have ever tried to record the true life of cow country."
—Tom Lea

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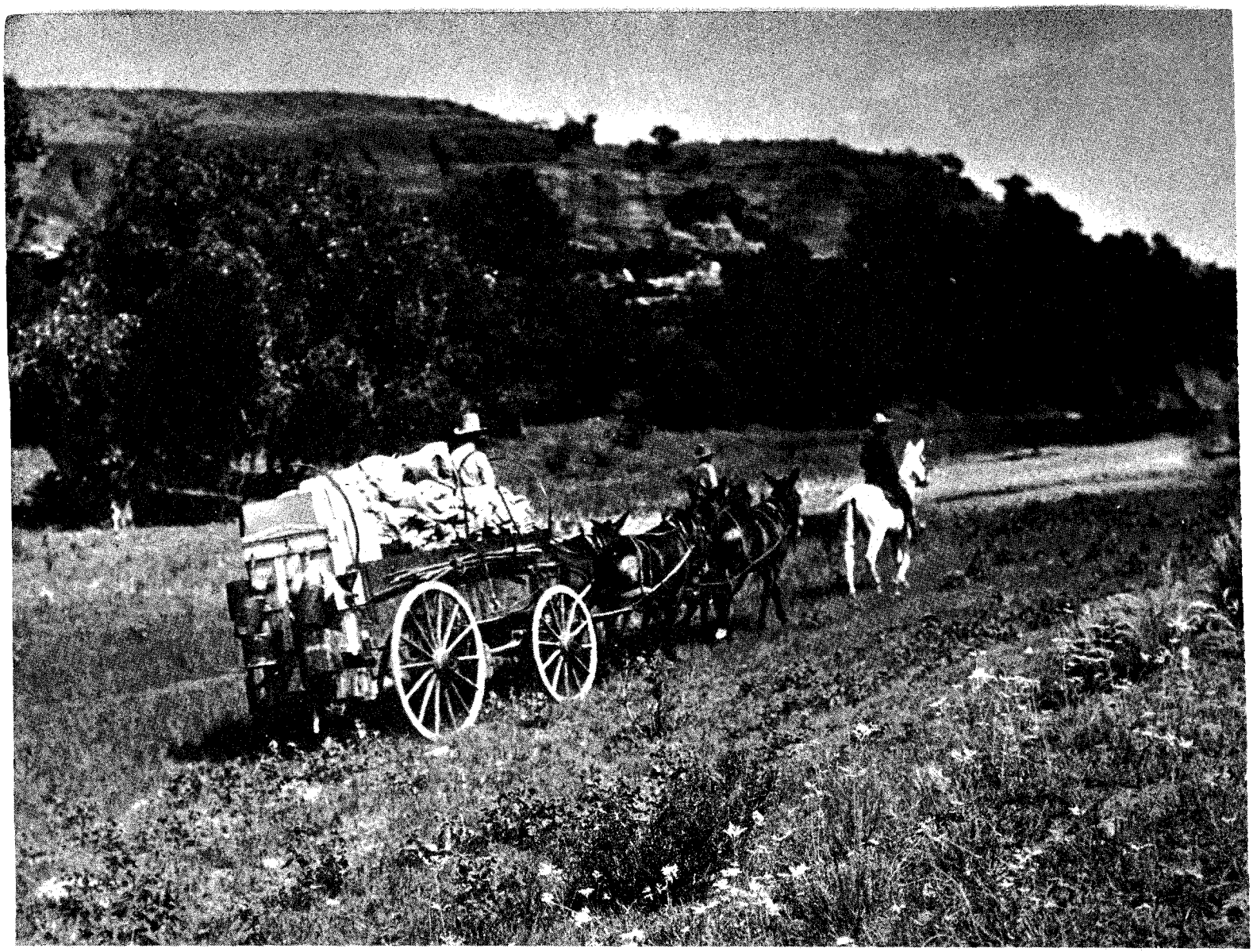

Chuck Wagon on the Move. The wagon, home of the cowboy on the larger outfits, is pulled out on the spring roundup with bedrolls stacked to the wagon bows and four slick mules in their collars.

Here is a TRUE WEST feature far beyond mere rarity—it is absolutely and thrillingly unique. Here, on these pages, you see a superb photographic record of life on the old Western range. Photographed on the great ranches of West Texas, it is nevertheless typical of ranch life throughout the West in the long-gone days of the open range.

LIFE ON THE TEXAS RANGE

By WM. J. MANNING

"Erwin E. Smith was the outstanding cowboy photographer of the West. At the beginning of the century in Texas he was doing on sensitized plates and film what Charles Russell was doing in paint for Montana, and what Emerson Hough was trying to do in print for the cowmen of the West. He was recording them true to life.

"As a boy quietly burning with ambition to ride the range, he conceived of such a record of the cowboys of Texas. With precocious insight he realized that their work was the vital, vivid thing that set these light-hearted riders in a world apart. He saw that this work was an art in itself. He saw, too, with the regret that seizes all lovers of the undulating seas of grass, that the steady inroads of the plow seemed to be pushing these booted and broad-crowned men—men

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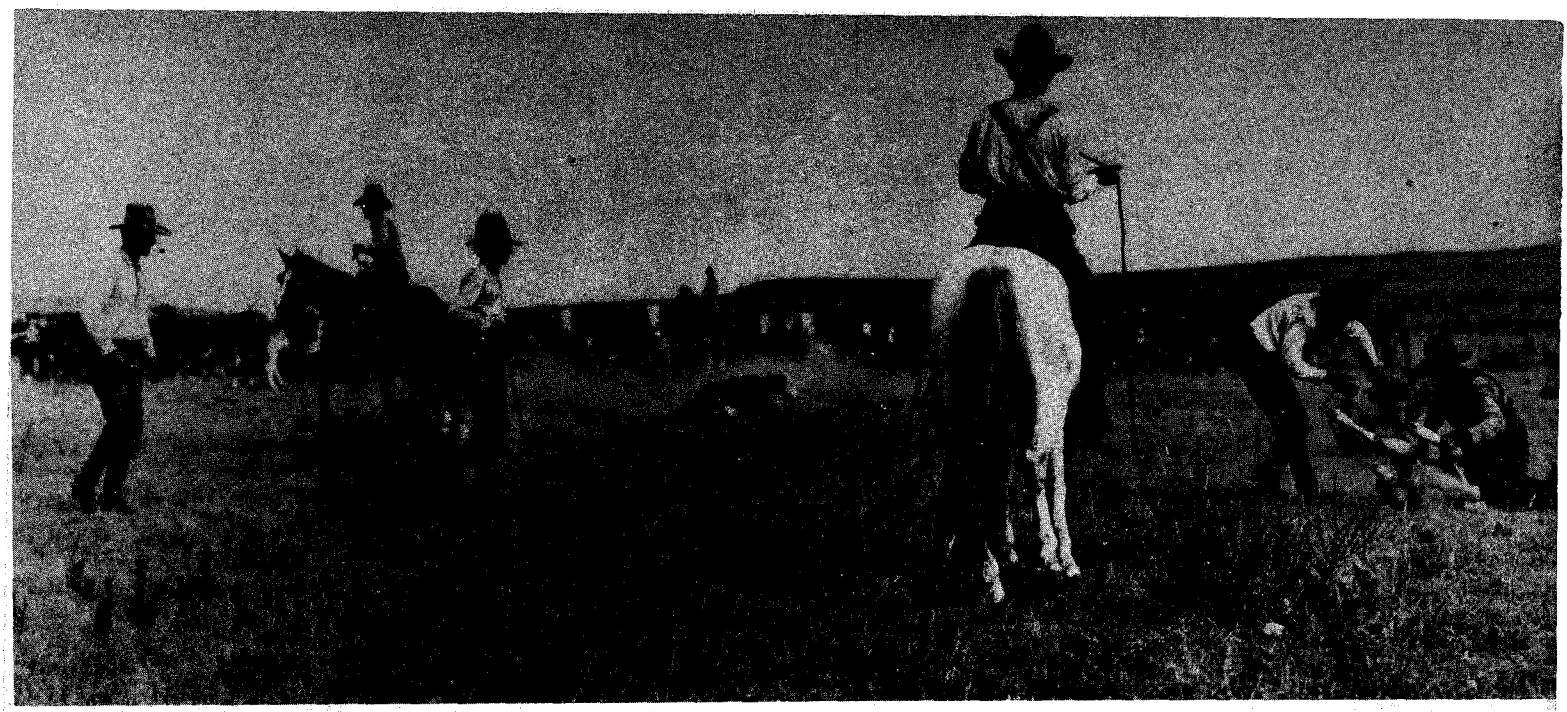

Hot Iron and Sharp Knife. As the flanker lays the calf on the ground, his partner quickly grabs the animal's heels to keep him from kicking loose.

sitting lightly in their saddles as they swept at a long lope across the ranges of Texas—into the pages of the past.

"Erwin Smith headed west with his riggin' and a simple camera and set to work. His youthful affection for the ways of the West deepened into his first, and seasoned into his last, love. His sense of telling and accurate detail, his unstaged but imaginative compositions, and his rugged insistence on honest action and incident, with his 'colossal patience' over years of financially unremunerative work, were nothing short of the nature and devotion of the true artist.

"The result was a voluminous collection of prints that illustrated the life of the range better than anything else in existence . . . "

Thus wrote J. Evetts Haley, master chronicler of the life of the old range and close personal friend of Erwin E. Smith, in his introduction to the splendid collection of Smith's prints which was published in 1952 by the University of Texas Press under the title *Life on the Texas Range.*

The facts of Erwin Smith's life are simple and unspectacular to relate. Born in 1886 in Honey Grove in the Red River country, he grew up in the town of Bonham. He received his first real taste of ranch life on the JCS ranch of his uncle John Saunders in Foard County. He gradually began to assist in the "stray work" on larger ranches in the same area. In his mid-teens he acquired a box camera and began systematically to take pictures of all aspects of life on the range.

By the time he was 16, Erwin Smith's purpose in life was firmly fixed: he was going to record the cowhand for posterity, not as the nation imagined him, but as he really was. He would become a sculptor and write the record of the range in imperishable stone and bronze. His photography was first viewed only as a means to an end, as a way to record the details of range life so that later it might be interpreted in sculpture. But he responded instinctively to the artistic challenge of photography, and eventually the means became the end.

After two years of study in Chicago with Lorado Taft, one of the nation's leading sculptors, Erwin Smith determined to go to Boston for further instruction. But he realized that the old range was rapidly passing and that it might not wait for him to complete his training. So he returned to Texas and took more pictures, working on the larger ranches of West Texas where conditions more closely approximated those of the open range—outfits such as the old Shoe Bars on the Red River, the pioneer JA outfit in the Palo Duro country, and the LS ranch west of Amarillo, of Old Tascosa fame. He worked the roundups with these and other outfits, and took many hundreds of pictures depicting every aspect of the cowhand's work.

Finally he felt that he knew enough about the range to go to Boston and

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This cowpuncher, waiting his change of mount alongside the remuda, helps the roper on the ground by smearing his loop on a wild one.

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Matador Outfit in the Eighties. This grizzled Matador outfit worked on the last of the British-owned ranges in Texas. The chuck wagon, except for its more barren aspects, closely resembles those of today.

Odd Jobs in Camp. Cowboys used their spare time making repairs to their saddles and other rigging, while the intellectually inclined sought culture from a paper-pulp in the shade of the wagon. These two are making a mohair cinch.

Shootin' Craps. The tenderfoot, marked by rolled sleeves and the pitch of his hat, helps three seasoned hands turn a bedroll to profitable use while waiting for supper.

further his training as a sculptor. He enrolled in classes in sculpture and drawing at the Academy of Fine Arts, and made excellent progress. When he returned to Texas in the summer of 1908 he brought with him a young Canadian writer named George Patullo who was to achieve lasting fame as one of the most faithful chroniclers of the western range. During the next several years he and Patullo divided their time between Boston and Texas, where they sampled life on the Matadors, the Spurs, the Pitchforks, and other great and storied ranches.

This was a happy time and a fruitful one for Erwin Smith, but it brought in precious little cash; he seemed temperamentally incapable of turning his art into profitable channels, although he had many opportunities. (Haley relates how he once offered prints of his pictures of the West for sale through an advertisement in *Scribners*—and then failed to fill a single one of the many orders which were received.)

Finally Erwin Smith's resources—and his stepfather's patience—ran out and he was brought face to face with the odious necessity of coping with the economic facts of life. There followed a succession of disastrous ranching ventures, which finally culminated in bankruptcy.

Recognition and fulfillment were long in coming to Erwin Smith. Although he pursued his life's ambition with single-minded zeal, and although he wrought tirelessly and well, material success eluded him to the end—largely because of his own impractical nature—and only a handful of his intimate friends knew how brilliantly he had succeeded in recording the life of the Old West. For many years Erwin Smith yearned to publish in book form a representative collection of his pictures (and even asked Evetts Haley to write the text), but with his passion for quality he was unwilling for the book to be published at all if his pictures could not be reproduced in the best possible manner.

Through the years which he spent living the life of the cowboys so that he might learn it truly—years in which he was constantly working to improve his technique and his artistry so that his pictures might be beautiful as well as true—through the deadly disheartening period of business struggle, failure, and bankruptcy, Erwin Smith hewed fast to the line of his dream.

"Beyond the toils of the courts of bankruptcy," wrote Haley, "were his two great intangible assets: his love and intimate knowledge of the West and his capacity to sit and dream. There was still time, Erwin reasoned, to disabuse the public of its juvenile notions of the cowboy—impressions cultivated by specious literature and spurious arts of stage, brush, and screen—by showing him as he really was, a hired hand on horseback, 'a man with work to do.' "

But when Erwin Smith died in 1947 his ambition seemed almost as far from fulfillment as ever. True he had left a collection of several thousands of negatives, depicting every phase of the cowboy's life on the range, but the public at large knew nothing of them. He never got around to making most of the prints which people tried to extract from him, and his dream of a faithful record of his life's work in book form was still just a dream.

In 1936, at the insistence of Evetts Haley, Erwin Smith prepared 100 of his

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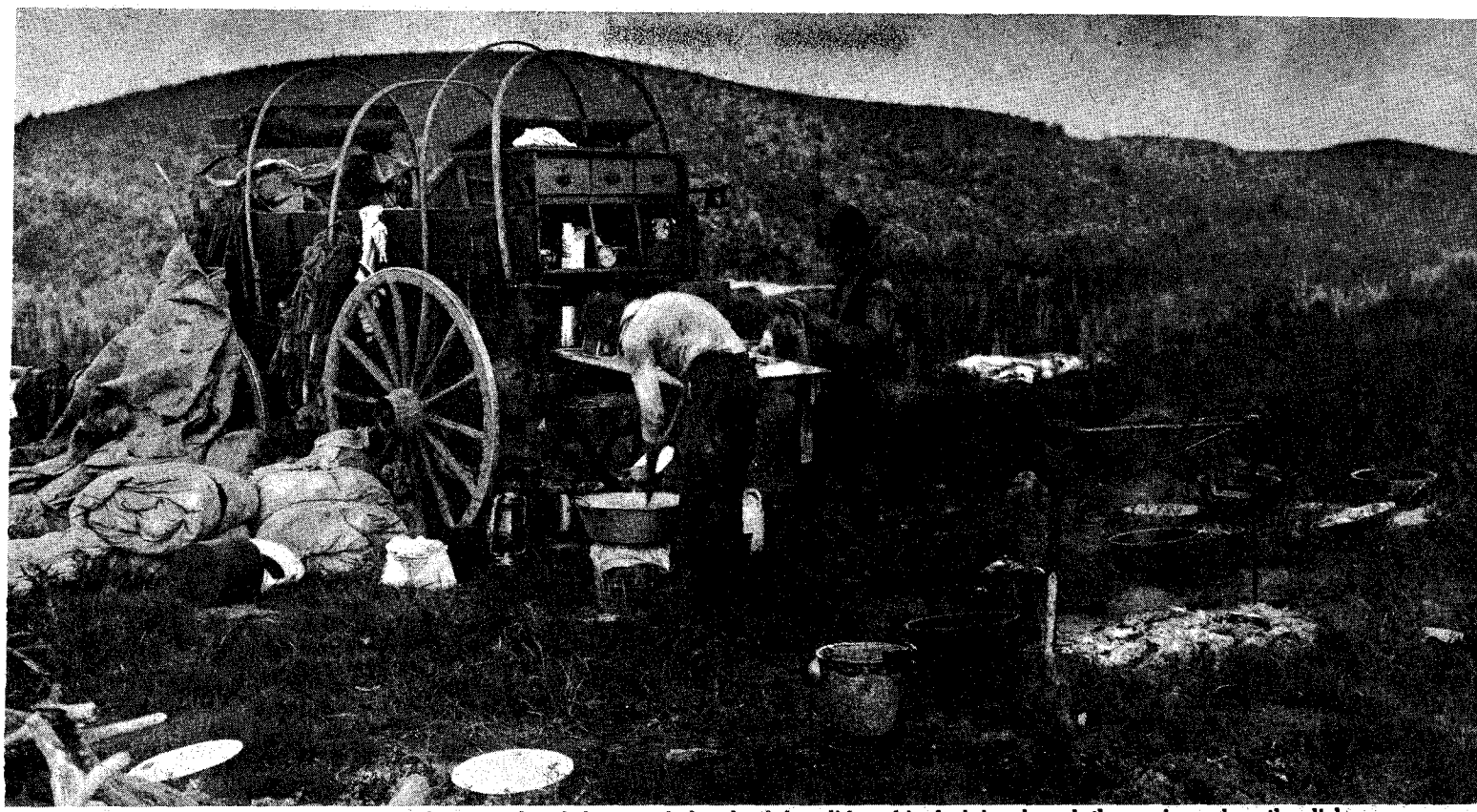

Cleaning Up. With dishpan poised on his sour-dough keg, and the chuck-box lid as his draining board, the cook washes the dishes while the horse wrangler dries them with a dingy cloth and rattles them into the lower drawer.

best prints for display during the Texas Centennial and these were eventually placed permanently on display in the Texas Memorial Museum. It was these pictures which, in 1951, gave Frank H. Wardlaw, director of the University of Texas Press, the idea for the publication of *Life on the Texas Range*. He sought the advice of Walter Prescott Webb and J. Frank Dobie as to the proper person to prepare the accompanying text; both unhesitatingly recommended J. Evetts Haley as the best possible man for the job.

Thus Erwin Smith's dream of an appropriate book of his prints finally neared fulfillment. His friend, Evetts Haley, whom he himself had wanted to write the words to accompany his pictures, set about the task of preparing the text. Sheet-fed gravure was selected as the process for reproducing the pictures, since no other method could preserve the softness and delicate gradation of tones which marked Erwin Smith's own prints. The photographer's sister, Mrs. L. M. Pettis of Washington, D. C., who had placed more than 1800 of his plates and films in the Library of Congress, gave her blessing to the project.

Within a few months after the publication of *Life on the Texas Range*, it became apparent that Erwin Smith had finally come into his own. Few books on the West have ever met with such en-

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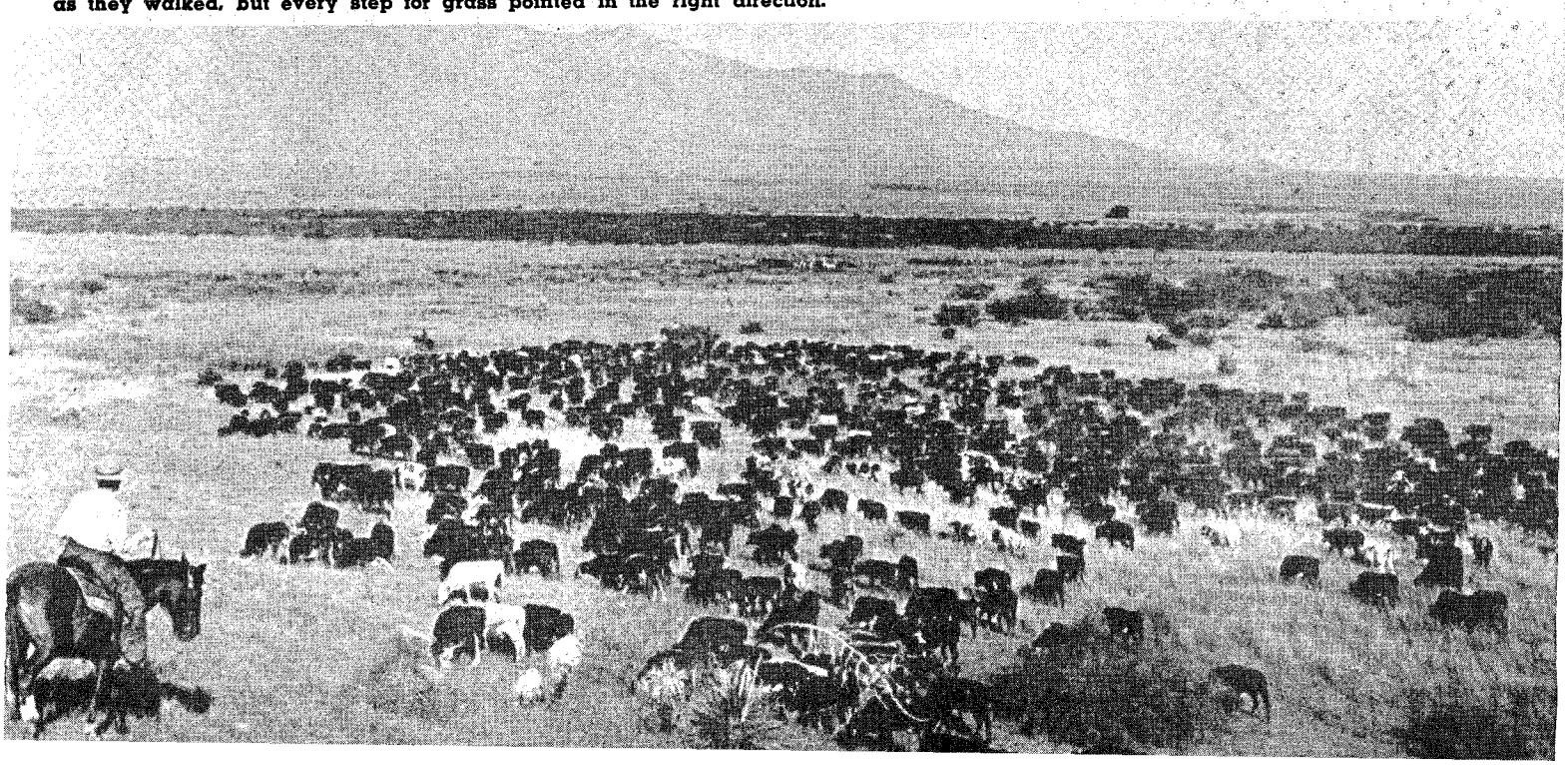
This fine view of a herd in formation shows how millions of cattle moved off the pioneer ranges upon the Texas Trail. They grazed as they walked, but every step for grass pointed in the right direction.



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When the fall grass put the tallow on the pronghorn's ribs, hunting season was at hand for these Matador cowboys, living in a dugout adorned with a horseshoe, coyote hide, elk horn, and a dirty towel.

Shoe Bar Wrangler Rides a Mule. Sure-footed mules had their advantages in a rough country. This Panhandle puncher in the Red River breaks finds a gray mule to his liking. Horses may be as reckless as riders, but a mule never commits suicide.

thusiastic response. Reviewers cast aside all restraint as they praised this greatest of all collections of range photographs. "It is hard to write moderately about this book," commented John T. Frederick in *The Rotarian*; few reviewers even tried.

But it remained for Tom Lea, the great writer-artist of the West, to give Erwin Smith and his work their finest and most significant accolade. Writing in the *Dallas Morning News* about *Life on the Texas Range*, Tom Lea, said:

"Here is the book of western pictures I have been waiting for. It is a book of photographs by a born-and-bred Texan named Erwin Smith who took a camera to camps in the early years of this century, before the old life in the saddle was entirely dead and gone. He made the best pictures of that life I ever saw.

"Thinking about it carefully, I don't mean the best photographs I ever saw on the subject. I mean the best pictures. That includes painting, drawings, and prints. Erwin Smith's best work stands right there at the top.

"I don't know how he did it, how he made a piece of glass in the front of an old 'screen-focus Kodak' the eye of an artist. I don't know how he made an old 'volute shutter' the selective mind and heart of an artist. But he did. Somehow he was there—not once but many times—holding his black box, in the dust, in the burn of the sun, at the right time, in the right light, with the right thing

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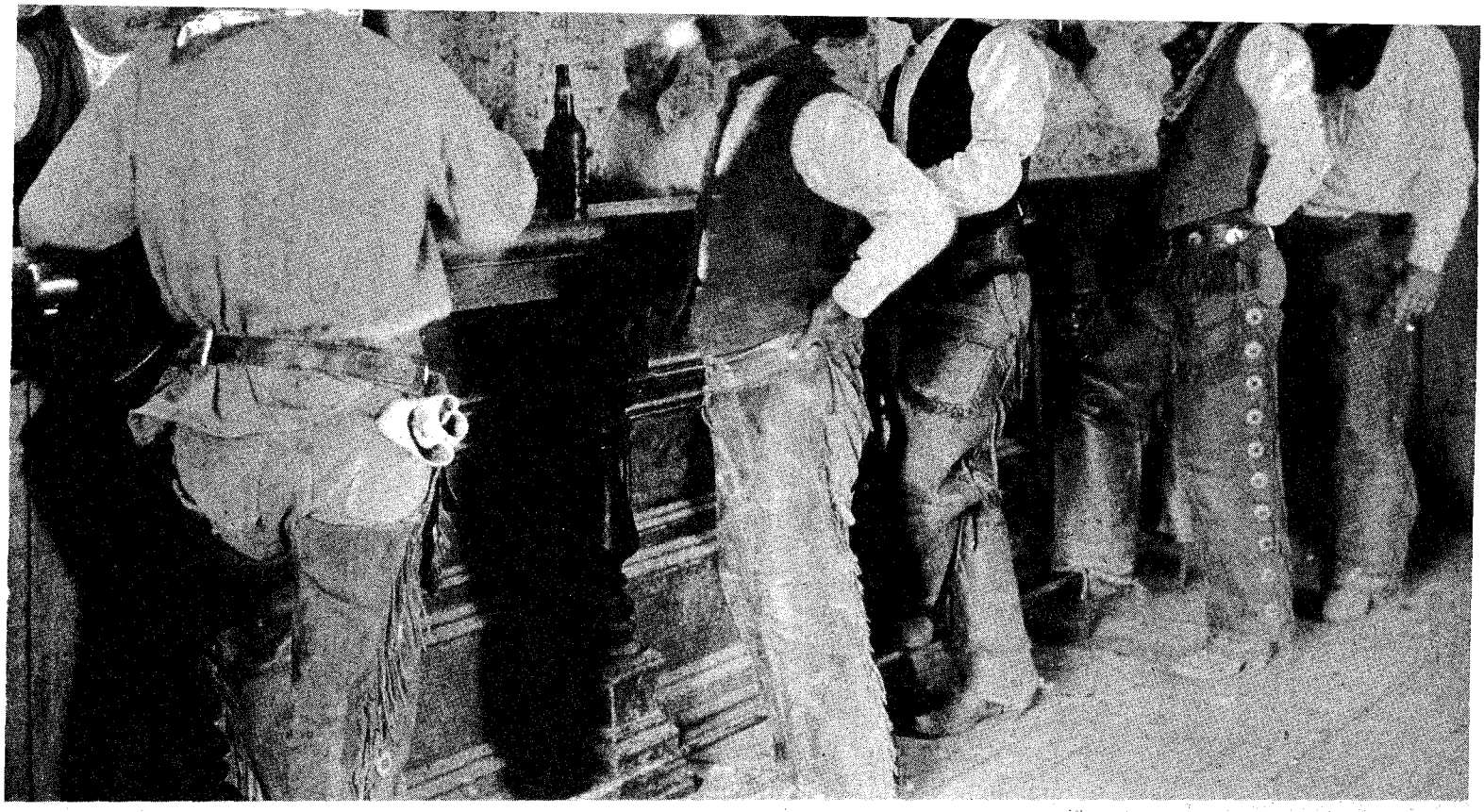

Out of the sun, they lose no time in propping their booted and spurred feet upon the *rail and settling the dust of Old Tascosa.*

happening at that time and in that light, and he caught it and saved it as an artist catches and saves his experience to deepen and richen the experience of other men....

"If you love the land, and herds at grass, and men who ride horses, this is your book.... Take a good look and then look again, at the intimate and moving and true life in your book: at the hungry day-herder chewing meat, at the dust hanging thick over the churned tracks behind the drags, at the lethal knot of power gathered in the hip of the bronc, at the rope snaked curving over the tangled mane of the wild one, at the spraddle-legged tumble of the flanked long-yearling; at the sun-glare on the pale canvas packs moving down the rimrock, at the scuffed boots and gritty spurs lifted to the brass rail after the long ride, at the cook making biscuits, at the clog dance by firelight, at the lonesome light on the water at dawn, at the herd quiet under the lifting line of the hills, at the skyful of changing cloud—at the sky changeless forever. It's all in your book."

Yes, Erwin Smith's dream has finally come true.

"It seems a tragic, perverse fate that a sensitive, devoted, talented man must be dead for many years before his life's ambition is realized," wrote Evetts Haley. "Yet it may indicate that ample and infinite time really favors those who dream unselfishly and well."

Clog Dance in a Cow Camp. With the fiddler seated on his bedroll and a helper beating time, a clog dancer amuses the outfit, even to the cook, whose right hand aimlessly wades around in the sour dough.

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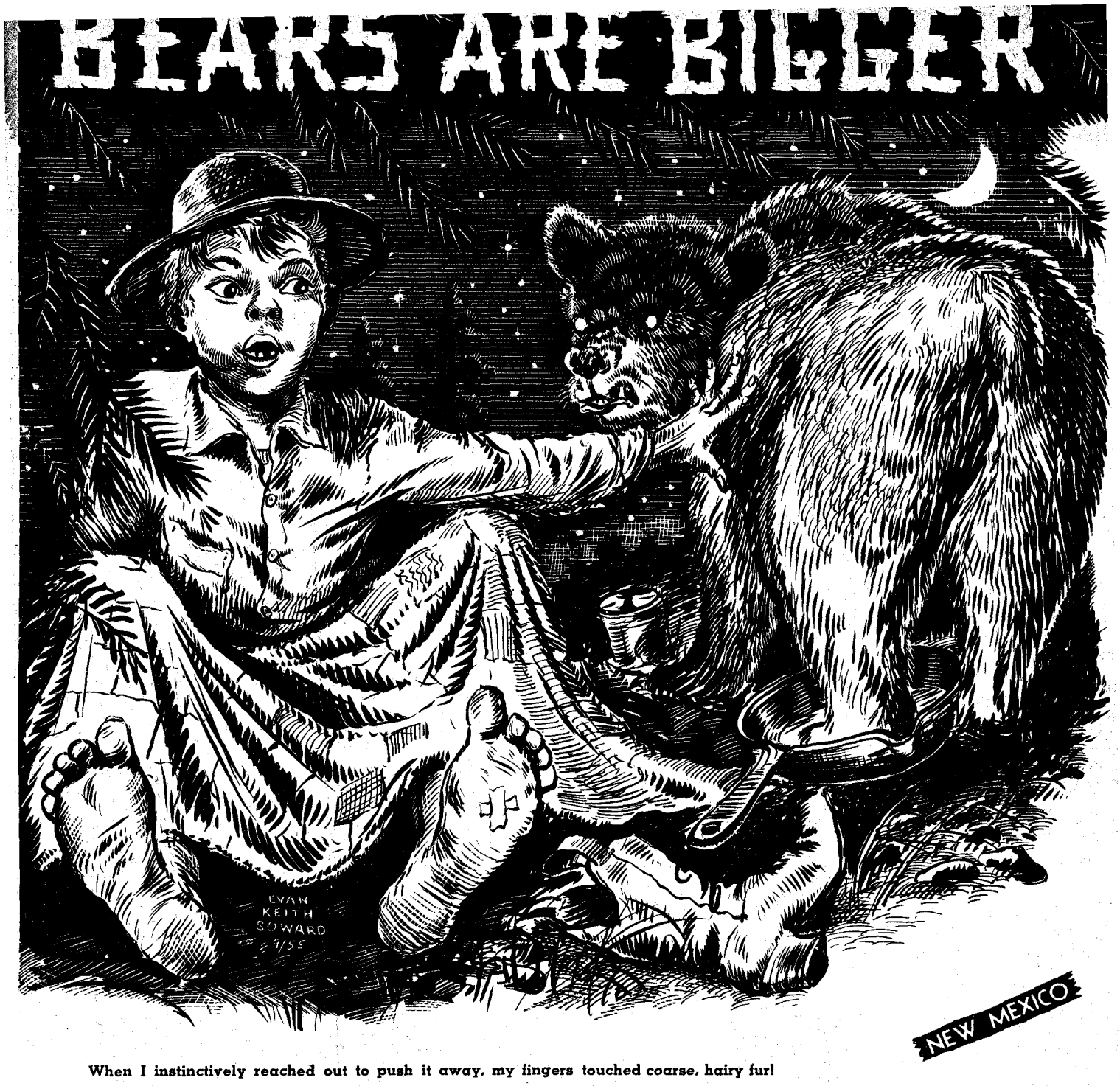
BEARS ARE BIGGER



When I instinctively reached out to push it away, my fingers touched coarse, hairy fur!

I reckon nobody would ever have called me and my brother Marion cowboys. But still, back yonder when we were a couple of buttons, hardly old enough yet to eat with a knife, we *did* look after the hundred or so head of SLB cattle that Pa used to run in the wilderness-wooded Beaver Creek and Hollenger Canyons near the upper Sapello River country of New Mexico. And sometimes we had quite a time of it.

Like the day we went off and forgot to take along any matches. Marion was about fourteen and me twelve. All the smoking we had ever done was *kinnik-kinnik* leaves, out back of the cowshed; so it was not surprising that we got over to the upper *vega* on the Hollenger and were fixing to make camp before we found out what a completely matchless pair of young cow-huntin' knuckleheads we were. At least that's what Marion said I was. And that's what I said *he* was. But when we found out that hot words wouldn't start a campfire, we gave up cussing each other and got busy.

All the grub and camp gear we had brought along was a loaf of Ma's homemade bread, butter, sugar, coffee, a little bucket to boil it in, a chunk of dry salt hog breast (we weren't allowed to say "sowbelly" in those days), a frying pan and a little flour to make gravy with, all rolled up in a couple of old quilts tied on behind our saddles. Maybe we had slickers—I don't remember, but the way sudden summer rains often bust loose in these high New Mexico mountains, we probably did. Anyway, you can't start a fire with a slicker any better than with bear tracks, of which we saw several where the animals had been rooting around in the *vega* for grubworms.

Boy Scouting hadn't been invented yet, or at least we had not heard about it, so Marion and I put in the last hour before dark doing our best to invent it. We got sparks by striking the back of a knife blade on flinty rocks, either into rotten log punk or a wad of cotton torn out of a quilt; but we never could make 'em ketch. We raveled rope for string and tried to gear up a whirling stick, but the warmest we could get it was about like holding your hand on a horny toad's belly.

Holding the muzzle of Marion's .30-30 against a wad of cotton and blazing away scorched the cotton all right, but left no smoulder long enough for us to blow it into a fire. If we'd had pliers along or teeth strong enough to worry the bullet

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The matchless experience of two young cowpokes in a fireless mountain camp.

By S. OMAR BARKER

Illustrated by Evans Keith Soward

out of a cartridge, shooting the powder into cotton might have worked. As it was, we used up all but five of our cartridges—and still no fire.

Not that it mattered a lot except that we both liked gravy, and we had also figgered to brand any new calves we might find while salting and tallying the cattle the next day. But this wasn't rustler country, and that could wait.

BREAD and butter, with sugar on it, washed down with cold creek water, made up a pretty good supper. My brash-minded brother even ate a chunk of raw sowbelly. I warned him it would give him worms in his gizzard, but Marion claimed he'd rather have worms than a gut with no meat in it.

In those days I was in the habit of writing stuff down in an old copybook that I called "Omar's Favorite Philosophy & Other Facts of Life." As I munched cold bread, I thought of a brief gem of philosophy that I aimed to record from this matchless experience as soon as we got back home.

We staked Fanny and Prince out in the meadow, but made our camp off a couple of hundred yards up a little side canyon under a thick *motte* of blue spruces where we could keep dry if it should come up a rain. If you never saw the inside of a big black bull at midnight—with both eyes shut—you can't even start to imagine how dark it looked to a couple of kids bedding down under those spruces, way off up there in the mountains forty miles from a flagpole, with a couple of hoot owls hoo-hooing their weird witch talk somewhere out there in the still, black timber—and no campfire to keep the boogers away.

Even to a pair of woods-raised roosters like me and Marion, it was so "skeery" that it took us a good ten minutes to get to sleep after we had tugged our boots off and crawled in between our two cotton batting soogans.

I don't know how long we had been aslumber when I woke up with Marion's elbow poking my ribs and an odd aroma in the air.

"Lay still!" he whispered, just a leetle hoarsely. "I smell bear!" "Lay still yourownself!" I told him. "Y-y-you're just tryin' to sc-sc-scare me!"

But my nose knew better. The only bears I had ever smelled before were dead ones that Pa or Charlie or Elliott had killed, but it didn't seem likely that somebody had dragged a dead bear up this little canyon just to let us smell of him. Besides, I could hear a sort of soft snuff-snuffing that didn't hardly sound like Marion. I could also hear Marion groping for the .30-30 alongside of his side of the bed. When I heard him lever in a cartridge, I let out a squall:

"Don't shoot! If you wound him, he'll git us sure as hell!" (That was a word I didn't use when Pa was around, either.)

"Whloooff!" The snort, if that's what you could call it, came from pitch-black darkness not over ten feet away.

The next instant the yellow blaze of Marion's .30-30 ripped the night wide open—but evidently not the bear, for we heard the softish thump of padded feet on the run, then silence.

"Git!" I yelled, more concerned with great noise than good grammar. "Git plumb away from here!"

I didn't especially crave a reply, but I got one: another snort, this time maybe twenty yards away, then pretty soon two more, each a little different and, so I thought, a little closer.

"Sshwalooff! Shuwawffle!"

The bear didn't tell me how to spell the sounds. But one thing sure, they sure sounded B-I-G.

"He's a-comin' back!" I hollered. (I didn't have a gun myself.) "Shoot in the air and scare him away!"

"L-la-lay still!" Marion cautioned in a whisper that didn't sound a bit more scared than I felt. "Wait till he snorts again and I'll try to git him!"

He didn't say just how he planned to take aim at a snort in the dark, but we waited—seconds, maybe minutes. I was just beginning to start to get my heart back down out of my gooz-lum when Brother Bruin snorted again, still closer.

Brother Marion banged away twice in quick succession.

THE ensuing silence was comforting at first, then gradually became ominous with uncertainty. Had our visitor gone yonder? Or did we have a dead bear lying out there in the darkness? Or a wounded one that might decide any minute to come and git us?

It was the first time I had ever realized I was part squirrel. All four of my hands and feet plumb ached to climb a tree, but Marion was acting so brave that I was ashamed to do it.

"I reckon he's g-g-gone!" he said right out loud.

Then he began to sing, on the probably sound theory that music hath charms, or at least that no bear would be likely to care much for a good loud adolescent tenor.

Perceiving that the old parlor-organ-and-quartette selection Marion had chosen was most appropriate to the occasion, I swallowed my cotton and joined in:

"Speed away! Speed away, on thine errand of light!
There's a young heart awaiting thy coming tonight!....

We really quavered it. For quite a spell we made the welkin ring with every song we could think of, including the old hymn that starts out:

"The consecrated Cross I'd bear..."

Consecrated and cross-eyed or not, Mr. Bruin seemed to be gone for good, and the first thing we didn't know, we had sung ourselves back to sleep.

The next time I woke up, the night was still sooty black, and whatever had nudged me under the bottom quilt was on the wrong side of the bed to be Marion's elbow. It also smelled stronger. When I instinctively reached out to push it away, my fingers touched coarse, hairy fur!

I won't even try to give a phonetic transcription of the wild squall I let out, but the bear's snort sounded about the same as before. So did the sudden air-slapping report of Marion's rifle, twice in quick succession—our last two cartridges—followed by a brief brushy crash, then silence again.

"Omar," said Marion, with a cussword Pa would have walloped him for, "that so-and-so bear wants this camp worse than we do! And I ain't got no more cartridges!"

In my humble opinion, he was so right. Without further discussion we grabbed up our soogans and got the hell out of there. I won't say we actually skeedaddled, but it would have been an awful poor time for a bear or anything else to get in our road if it didn't want to get run over.

Maybe it was the starlight out in the open meadow, maybe the reassuring nearness of our horses thudding around on their stake ropes—whatever it was that calmed us down, after a while we got ourselves talked into the notion that Marion's last two shots had done the business, and that, come daylight, a couple of mighty proud kid nimrods were going to have a whopping big grizzly to skin up there in that little side canyon.

I reckon it couldn't have been much past midnight when we had got to the *vega*, because after an hour or two we forgot our scare enough to crawl between our quilts and go to sleep again.

Sunshine was already tipping the high ridges when we crawled out and advanced cautiously up Bear Snort Canyon in search of raw meat for breakfast.

We found our abandoned boots and grub sack undisturbed;

(Continued on page 48)

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A slight de-bunking of the fabulous Wild Bill

HICKOK THE HERO

By RAY W. STEVENS, JR.

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Wild Bill, all dressed up for a Dakota winter.

Frontier Pix

YOU think Mike Hammer is hard, Shell Scott is super, and Captain Marvel is marvelous? If you do, Brother, you haven't met Wild Bill Hickok. If you doubt that Hickok was a hero among heroes, consult the TV fans among the neighborhood kids, the works of Edward Zane Carroll Judson (Ned Buntline) and Henry M. Stanley or, better yet, Hickok, himself. In his own words, Hickok tells of a scuffle he had with ten ruffians at Rock Creek, Nebraska:

"One-two-three-four men fell dead.

"That didn't stop the rest. Two of them fired their bird-guns at me, and then I felt a sting run all over me. The room was full of smoke. Two got in close to me, their eyes glaring out of the clouds. One I knocked down with my fist. 'You are out of the way for a while,' I thought. The second, I shot dead. The other three clutched with me and crowded me onto the bed. I fought hard. I broke with my hand one man's arm. He had his fingers 'round my throat. Before I could get to my feet I was struck across the breast with the stock of a rifle, and I felt the blood rushing out of my nose and mouth. Then I got ugly, and I remember that I got hold of a knife, and then it was all cloudy like, and I was wild, and I struck savage blows, following the devils up from one side to the other of the room and into the corners, striking and slashing until I knew that every one was dead."

This is but a small portion of the account of the struggle which was published in *Harper's Magazine*, February 1867, and served to introduce Wild Bill Hickok to the Eastern public. It was supposed to be in Mr. Hickok's own words.

Actually, the piece in *Harper's* was pretty mild, and, as the years went by, Hickok, Buntline, Stanley, and others made several improvements. One account delved into the after-effects of the contest and states that six dead bodies were found inside the cabin, while the body of Jim McCandlas lay across the threshold, half submerged in blood. Hickok suffered in the fight a fractured skull, three gashes on the chest, a bone-deep cut on his left arm, and had seven bullets in his body. My favorite version is the one where Hickok shot and killed six of his attackers, and polished off the next three with his Bowie knife, whereupon the tenth fled. Hickok, bleeding from every pore, chased the fleeing desperado, grabbed an axe from the chopping block as he passed, ran the poor blackguard down, and dispatched him with the axe.

THE affair at Rock Creek must be viewed through the smokescreen set up by Hickok, Buntline, Stanley, and others; but from the facts that loom out of the haze, a fairly accurate account of what actually happened can be pieced together. It is known that the Overland Stage Company leased from James McCanles (not McCandlas as in *Harper's*) who operated a farm near Rock Creek, Nebraska, a parcel of land, and erected a stage way station on it. The stationmaster, Wellman, accompanied by an assistant, Dock Brink, and a woman who may or may not have been Wellman's lawfully wedded wife, arrived as soon as the station was erected. McCanles did not receive the rent to which he was entitled, but he became very friendly with "Mrs." Wellman and didn't press matters.

James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok, having left his home in Troy Grove, La Salle County, Illinois, in 1856, at the tender age of nineteen, when he thought he had killed a fellow towboat worker in a fist fight, turned up at the Rock Creek Station in 1861. He was now over six feet, muscular, and had a flowing mustache and locks of rich chestnut, and made a dashing figure of a man.

Shortly after this, "Mrs." Wellman's affection for McCanles cooled, and McCanles laid the blame at Hickok's door. With a few locals gathered to watch the Denver stage change horses, McCanles called attention to Hickok's prominent nose by referring to him as "Duck Bill." When Hickok objected, McCanles challenged him to a wrestling bout; this McCanles could well afford to do, as he was wrestling champion of the neighborhood.

Hickok hotly accepted, and the men stripped to the waist, while the spectators formed a ring. Finding that McCanles was gaining the upper hand, Hickok, who was by inclination a boxer, tried to turn the contest into a fist fight, but McCanles pinned him and made him say, "Uncle."

If it had been McCanles' intention to discredit Hickok in "Mrs." Wellman's eyes, and thereby regain friendly terms with her, his contest with Hickok was a failure. Still finding a chilly reception at the way station, McCandles got nasty about the overdue rent.

Since the Overland Stage Company did not provide Wellman with funds to pay the rent, McCanles became very unpopular at the way station.

Things came to a head when McCanles, accompanied by his friends, Woods and Gorden, and his twelve-year-old son William, visited the way station to complain about the rent. According to the McCanles' faction, McCanles and his friends

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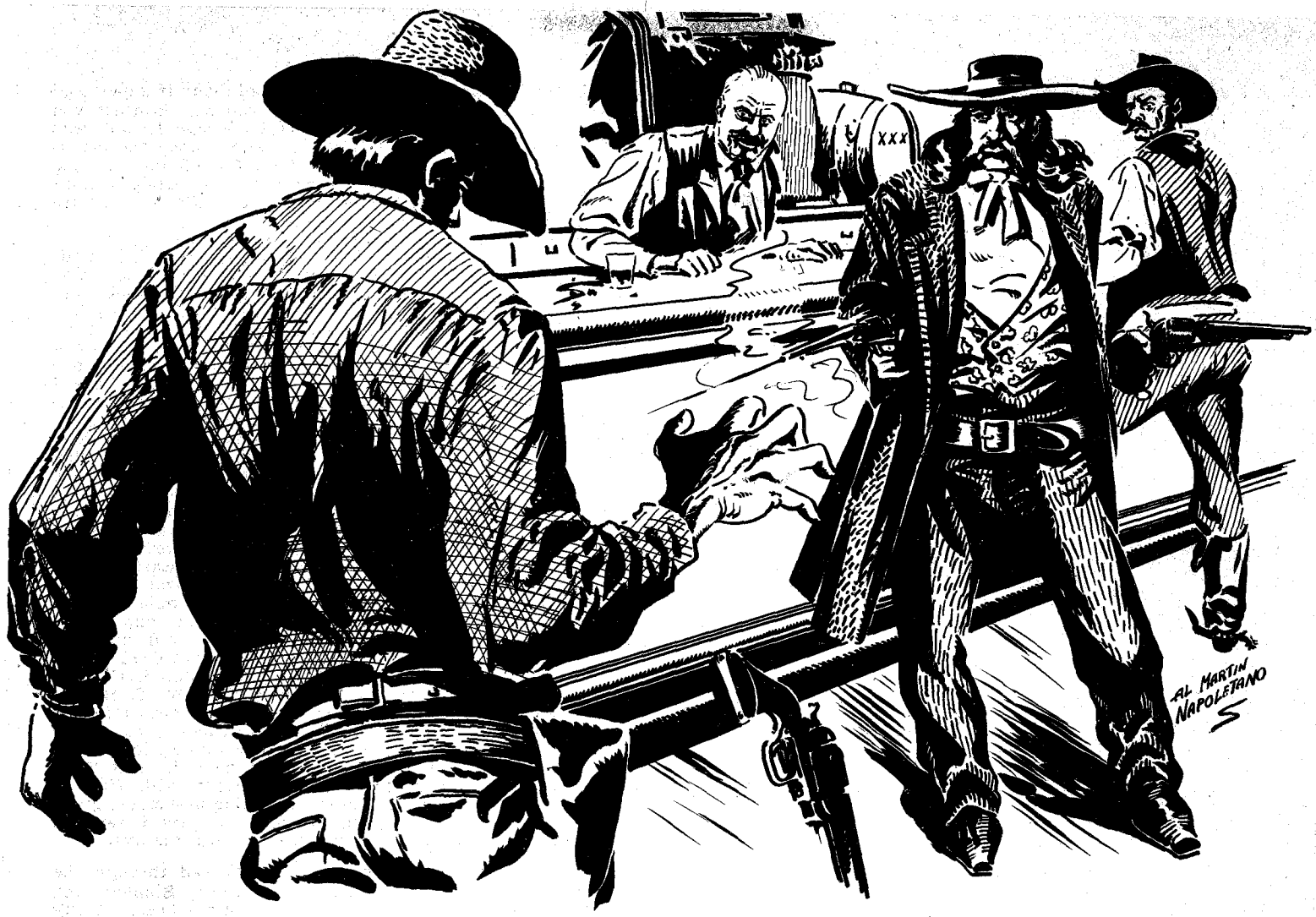

Hearing footsteps running up behind him, Hickok whirled and fired, killing his deputy, Mike Williams.

were unarmed, while Hickok and his historians claim the McCanles group was armed to the teeth. However, we might note that the facts reduce the ten men of the Hickok tale to three men and a twelve-year-old boy.

Arriving at the station, McCanles, accompanied by his son, went to the cabin, while Woods and Gorden went to the stables. McCanles found only "Mrs." Wellman and Hickok in the cabin, but he took up the matter of the rent with "Mrs." Wellman, instead of going to the stable to talk to Wellman, the man in charge. "Mrs." Wellman stood sideways in the doorway, and didn't ask McCanles in. The conversation lasted for several minutes. Then Hickok, who was hiding behind a curtain, which divided the cabin into two rooms, fired on McCanles with a rifle. The bullet passed "Mrs." Wellman and struck McCanles in the chest, apparently killing him instantly.

HICKOK dropped the empty, muzzle-loading rifle, drew a Navy Colt revolver, and ran out of the cabin. Seeing Woods and Gorden, who, upon hearing the shot, had left the barn and were running toward the cabin, he opened fire on them.

William McCanles took to his heels as soon as his father was shot down and, when he saw Hickok run out with a revolver, he hid in the weeds.

When both Woods and Gorden fled, "Mrs." Wellman, who had followed Hickok out of the cabin, shouted to Hickok that he had hit both Woods and Gorden, so he should now kill the boy. Hickok, however, failed to find young McCanles.

Wellman ran out of the stables, overtook Woods, and bludgeoned him to death with a hoe.

Young McCanles crawled into a gulley, and made good his escape. He ran home, and spread the word to his relatives. His uncle, J. L. McCanles, formed a posse, and arrested Hickok, Wellman and Brink. They found the body of Gorden in a creek about four hundred yards behind the way station; he had been killed by a charge of buckshot, but there was also a bullet wound. Brink owned a shotgun, but there is no evidence of whether he, Wellman, or Hickok fired the fatal shot.

Hickok, Wellman, and Brink were tried by Justice of the Peace, Pat Towle, at Beatrice, Nebraska and acquitted on grounds of self-defense. However, Nebraska was then a territory and counties were still unorganized, and it is a matter of record that many trials were shams. The acquittal on grounds of self-defense indicates that the McCanles faction was armed. If Woods was armed, it seems strange that he allowed Wellman to beat him to death with a hoe.

After the Rock Creek affair, Hickok left Nebraska, and joined the Union army, where, according to Hickok and Co., he performed yeoman service as a scout, spy and sharpshooter.

After the war, Hickok received a position as guide for the government Peace Commission, which was visiting the various Indian nations. Henry M. Stanley, the famous African explorer, was then a correspondent of the *New York Herald.* He was assigned to accompany the Commission on its wanderings over the plains. On the trip, he became friendly with Hickok and wrote him up in the *Herald.* Next, Hickok served as guide for the party of Senator Henry Wilson of New Hampshire, who later became Grant's Vice President. After returning to the settlements, Senator Wilson presented Hickok with a brace of ivory-handled Colts, which are now identified with Wild Bill Hickok in song and story. In 1868, Hickok, now built up by the article in *Harper's* and the stories in the *Herald,* to say nothing of his own modest accounts of his experience in frontier bars, was engaged as town marshal of Hays City, Kansas.

HAYS CITY was Hickok's first call to duty as a peace officer, and for two years he maintained order in Hays by the use of subterfuge and a certain amount of courage. In the line of duty, Hickok is supposed to have killed several men. One of these unsubstantiated stories tells of two gun slicks coming to Hays and giving Hickok until sundown to get out of town. Just as the sun began to dip beyond the rim of the western plains, Hickok rode up to the hotel in which the gun slicks were staying, holding his reins in his right

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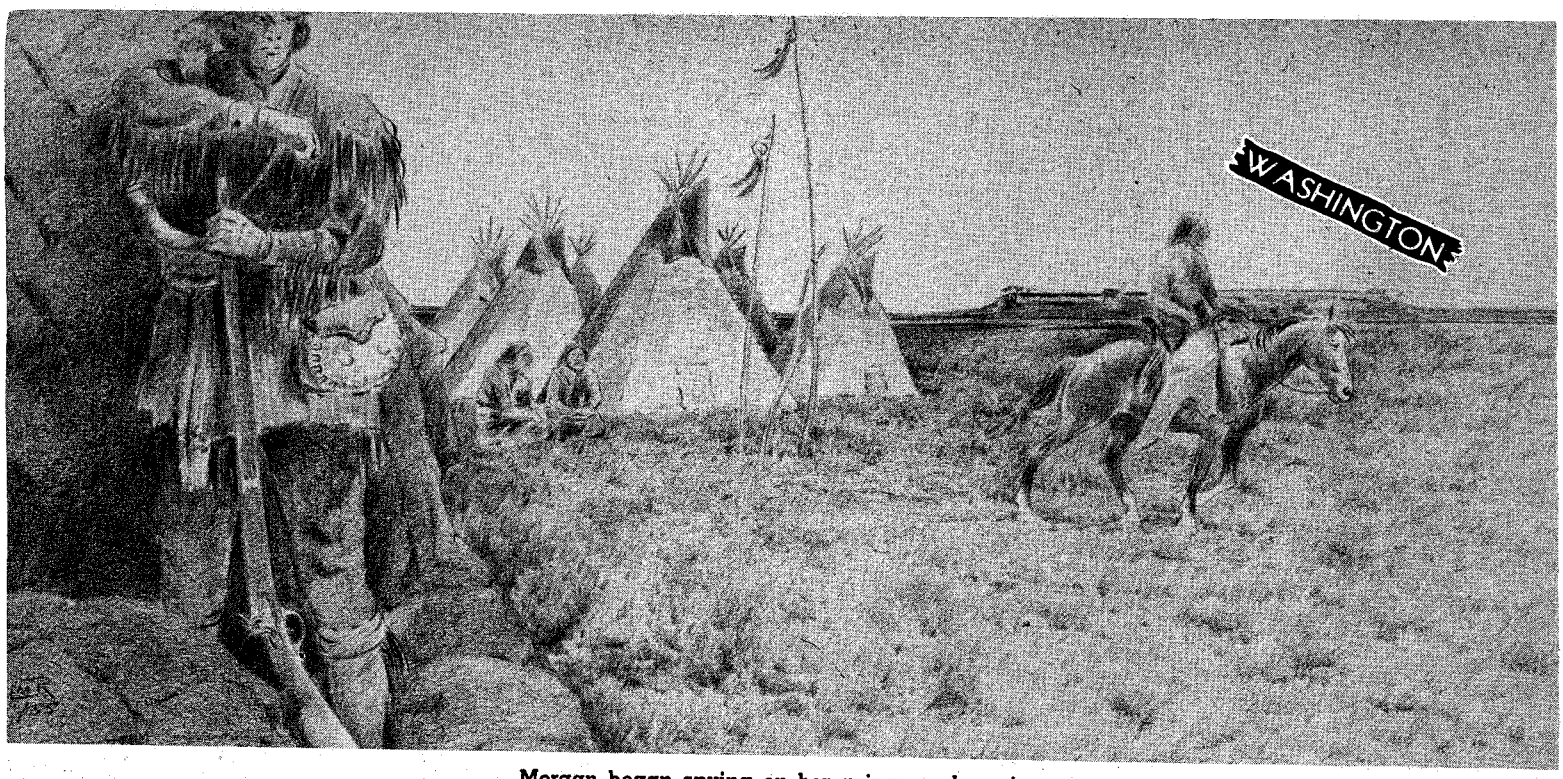

Morgan began spying on her goings and comings.

When the renegade white man murdered his squaw, he killed his only chance for ever locating the

Illustrated by Lee M. Rice

LOST MINE OF THE KLICKITAT

By TOM WRIGHT

SOMEWHERE in the Klickitat district of the State of Washington, hidden among the cliffs near the Little Klickitat River, lies a fabulous gold mine. It is so rich in picture gold that with only a small iron bar one can pry out a hatful of pure gold within a few days. In fact, it is so rich in gold wire, slugs, and nuggets, that the finder will not only become a millionaire but will cause one of the greatest stampedes in the history of the State of Washington.

This mine was known and used by the Klickitat Indians for many years. By its use they became known as the richest tribe of Indians on the Pacific Coast. They knew nothing about gold or the value thereof, but did know it as a bright, shiny metal that would not rust and could be hammered into ornaments. Great was their surprise, upon first contact with white men, to learn that the whites would trade for their golden ornaments as well as their furs. They were even more surprised to learn that white men would eagerly trade for the raw gold itself. The Indians traded gold for guns, blankets, food, and anything that met their fancy. They would even trade a handful of gold for a red cotton bandanna handkerchief with pictures on it.

For years the mine was known to but one Indian at a time, the secret being handed down from father to son. Only one man at a time knew of the mine's location until about the year 1875. In that year, the last person to know of its whereabouts was brutally murdered by a renegade white man, who beat the woman to death, trying to make her tell him of its location.

When Lewis and Clark reached the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River, they saw gold—gold which the Hudson's Bay factor was wrapping preparatory to shipping by way of the fur route through Canada to England. Later on, gold was purchased from the Klickitat Indians by John Jacob Astor and the Northwest Fur Company. Then the first settlers of Portland, Oregon, trading with the Klickitats, not only traded for their furs but for the gold they possessed as well.

My father, a very religious man, pioneered with his family of eight children in the Klickitat district of Oregon territory in the fall of 1877 to become a missionary to the Indians. He located our home in what is now known as the Horseshoe Bend, a large table-land almost encircled by the Big and Little Klickitat Rivers, which flow in their respective canyons half a mile deep. Our large mesa was covered with luxuriant bunch grass and was heavily timbered around the rims of the canyons.

For centuries the Indians of the Klickitat tribe have lived in the depths of these canyons along the river. There was game of all kinds, an abundance of salmon and trout in the rivers, and complete protection from the elements. Hence, the Klickitats were not forced to migrate from time to time, as did the prairie Indians. During the entire span of their existence, their only means of exit from the canyons was by way of an old horse-trail that switched back and forth a mile in length, to emerge at last onto the mesa above. Here the trail

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split into a dozen narrow paths, some going to the Indians' fishing grounds along the Columbia River, one to The Dalles, one to Goldendale, Astoria, and other places.

WHERE the trail emerged and divided, there stood a small forest of oak, pine and fir timber; here, too, a large spring of pure water bubbled forth. The Indians always stopped to water their horses at the spring after the long, hard climb from the depths below. Water, wood, and timber for building were all here. Best of all, it was a handy place to contact the Indians, so here Dad decided to locate our home.

Too soon, the Indians learned that Dad was an easy mark, always ready to hand out food. We learned that not only the Klickitats, but also the Yakimas, Cayuse, and Nez Perce tribes used the old switch-back trail on their hunting, fishing, and horse-stealing trips into the upper country. Consequently, we were hosts to a bunch of Indians practically every day. While we built our large log-house, barn, outbuildings, and a small church as well, the Indians would come in large numbers to sit around and watch the work. They disdained to help out, as that was squaw work.

Having found that Dad would give them food, the Klickitats regarded us as their particular property. Hardly a day passed that a bunch of them did not stop to beg food. One day, to our great surprise, a dirty buck, with long gray hair hanging down his back, spoke to Dad in broken English. He told Dad that he was a white man, French by birth, and could at one time speak both the French and English languages fluently. He had lived with the Indians over forty years and had forgotten nearly all of both languages.

His white name was Morgan. He had married a squaw and raised three children, his wife having died two years before. Dad was interested in the white renegade and invited him to visit us, which he did oftener than we desired.

Morgan had given up the ways of a white man, and now, living with the Indians, was an habitual drunkard. He would spend anything and everything he possessed to get blind-drunk on liquor, vanilla or lemon extract, or anything else with an alcohol content. He'd stay drunk as long as he could beg, borrow, or steal the stuff to drink. Dad tried many times to redeem the man and did all he could to stop his drinking, but to no avail. One day, after we had done everything possible for him for two years, Morgan returned from one of his sprees, still stupefied drunk. He fell from his horse going down the switch-back and broke his neck. The fatal accident proved a blessing to his children, his tribe, and us.

About a year before his death, Morgan had invited himself to our house and spent the night. By this time he had become well enough acquainted with Dad to take him into his confidence. So he sat before the fireplace on that evening and told Dad the following strange story:

MORGAN, a French-Canadian on contract to trap for the Northwest Fur Company, had heard rumors of a fabulous gold mine known only to the Klickitat Indians. One day at the fort he saw a Klickitat chief trading gold to the factor. Excited and greedy, Morgan decided to locate the source of that gold.

He tried questioning the chief, but the Indian became instantly wary and yielded no information. Deserting the Northwest Company, Morgan followed the chief and his party back to the Klickitat country and moved in with the Indians. Soon he persuaded them to adopt him into the tribe, thus becoming a blood brother of the Klickitats. Now Morgan felt he was on his way, and would soon learn the location of the mine. Several times he was permitted to see and handle the gold, but was allowed to keep none of it. After months of waiting, watching, and questioning, Morgan was finally told this story:

Many, many snows ago, *Sa-hag-a-lee-tyee* (the Great Spirit) appeared to the chief of the Klickitats in a dream and told him that he had placed much gold in a remote spot, for the benefit of the tribe. No individual would be allowed to waste the gold; it must always be used for the nation as a whole. The Great Spirit would take the chief and show him the gold, but the chief must be very careful never to tell any living man where it was. In that case, *Ta-man-a-wuss* (the Devil) would find the gold and destroy it. *Ta-man-a-wuss* was watching all the time, and might appear at any moment in the shape of man, woman, or beast and try to induce the chief to tell where the gold could be found.

There was just one short season each fall when *Ta-man-a-wuss* was too busy to keep watch. At this time it would be safe for the chief to go and gather what gold he wished. The chief would recognize that time by watching until the leaves had all turned brown and the water and moon were just right. Then the chief could go, but stay no more than half a moon—fifteen days—at any one time, and must never go near the spot at any other time or season of the year. When the chief came to die, he must—in order for the Klickitats to maintain the secret—call in his oldest son and confide to him the secret and location of the mine. The boy must swear by all his hopes of going to *Soc-a-lee-ill-a-hee* (Heaven) never to let the secret be known to anyone but himself until he too came to die.

That was how the secret had been kept for years—by handing it down from father to oldest son in each succeeding generation. Finally, the last chief upon whom the secret devolved, came to his time of dying without a son. He called his young daughter to his bedside and told her the secret and made her swear to carry on just as he and the chiefs before him had done for many years. The girl swore that she would do as he requested.

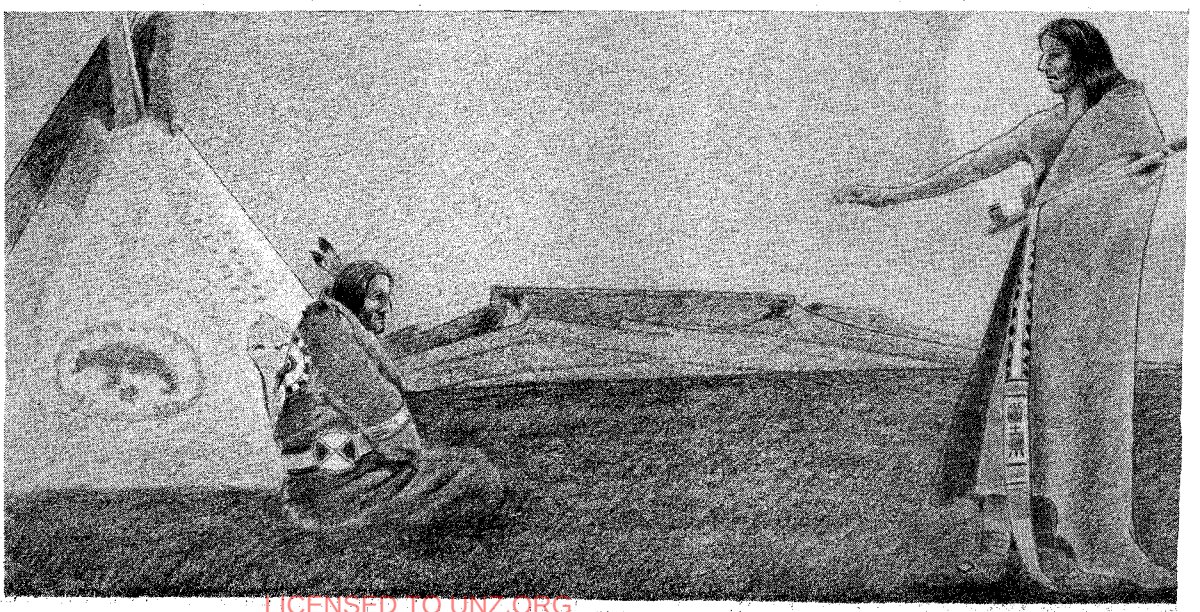
She was now about twenty years of age, and upon learning which girl it was, Morgan began spying furtively upon her goings and comings. Each fall, at a certain time, the girl would disappear, returning in a couple of weeks with her bandanna full of gold wire, slugs or nuggets, and present the treasure to the chief.

Now Morgan started his sly conniving. He made love to the girl, gave her presents of blankets, cheap jewelry, tanned deer hides. Finally he induced her to marry him. A family of three children followed—two boys and a girl.

FOR years Morgan watched his wife as each fall she prepared to go for the gold. She knew that he watched her, but always she tricked him and got away without being followed. When she returned with a pack of gold, Morgan would try to take it from her—but the warriors were always near to protect her and to take the gold to the chief for disposal to the tribe's needy members.

One fall, Morgan, still waiting and watching, saw his wife secreting a blanket and some food, and knew that she was preparing for her annual trip to the gold mine. Thinking fast, he told her he would not be home that night; then he hid in the woods where he could watch their lodge. Near dawn he spotted

(Continued on page 40)



Sa-hag-a-lee-tyee (The Great Spirit) told the chief that he had placed much gold in a secret place for the benefit of the tribe.

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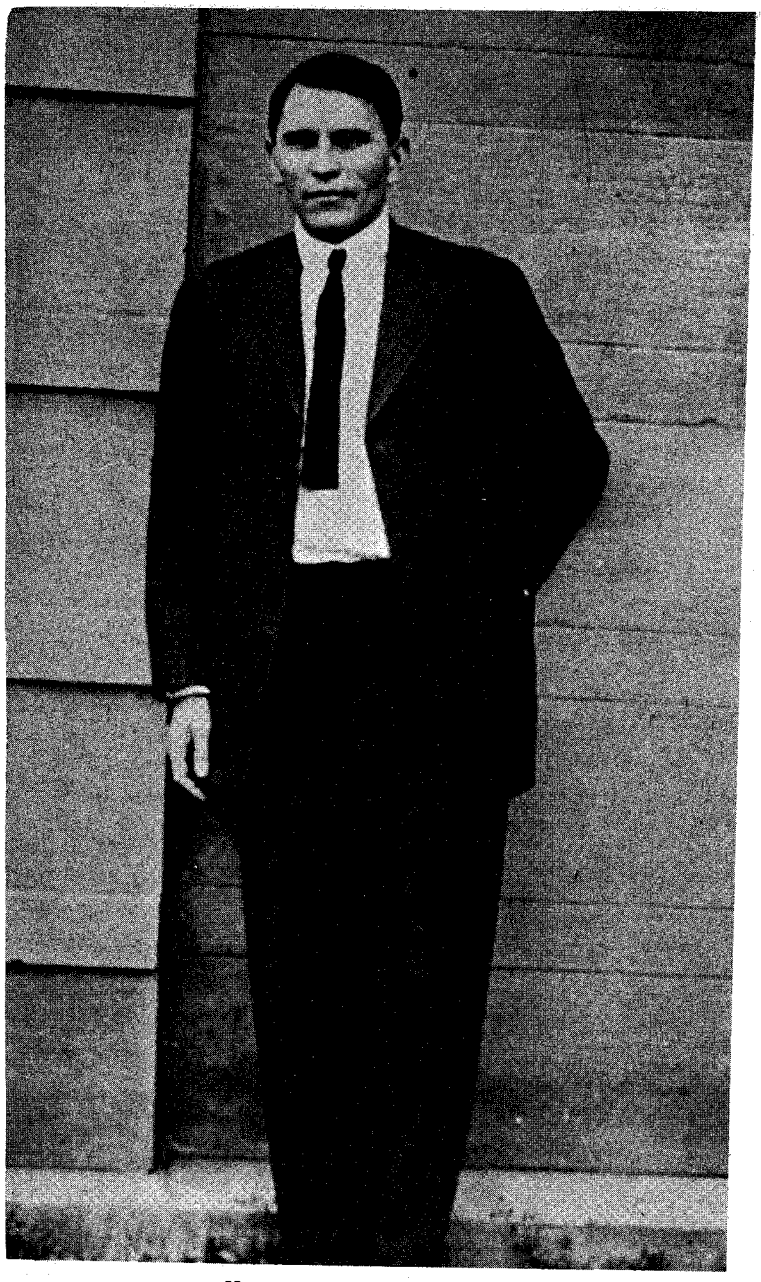

Henry Starr, in city attire.

Belle Starr's nephew, Henry, wasn't as hellbent to kill as some of the Old West's badmen, but he wasn't a bit backward about robbing a train or a bank. In fact, according to this Oklahoma writer,

HE OUT THEM

By GLENN SHIRLEY

HENRY STARR was the most unusual train-and-bank robbing outlaw ever to run loose in America. He practiced the bandit trade thirty-one years and had as many holdups to his credit as the James-Younger, Dalton-Doolin gangs combined. He was a dead shot, stealthy, cunning, and a natural leader of men. The gangs he recruited were the most daredevil outfits in the Southwest.

Yet never, during his long career as an outlaw, did he kill a man while committing a holdup. Only once was he ever caught in the act of robbery, and this was after the climax of his career when he had eclipsed anything accomplished by the James-Younger, Dalton-Doolin gangs by robbing two banks in the same town at the same time!

Nonetheless, he was a loyal friend and intelligent. Educated in the schools of the Cherokee Nation, he spent his spare time between robberies reading the classics, and always carried a few favorite books in his saddlebags.

There was a deep struggle between good and bad in Starr. Three times he vainly tried to reform. He was to know, for a while, how it felt to be respectable. He once produced a motion picture, "A Debtor to the Law," his testament to the world that crime does not pay, before making his exit in ignoble fashion.

He was unfortunate, perhaps, to have been born in the Indian Territory and grow up in the days of "Hanging Judge" Isaac C. Parker, when there was "no Sunday west of St. Louis—no God west of Fort Smith." This section was called "Robbers' Roost" and "The Land of the Six-Shooter," and the Starrs did nothing to better its sinister reputation. The history of the family is a story of blood.

Henry's father was George "Hop" Starr, half-breed Cherokee son of the old Cherokee outlaw, Tom Starr, and brother of Sam Starr, husband of Belle, the outlaw queen. If there was an inherent criminal instinct in Henry's nature, it was a dark heritage from the Starr strain. His mother was half-Irish and a highly respectable woman.

Henry was born December 2, 1873, in a log hut near Fort Gibson. At sixteen, he went to work on the Half Circle Box Ranch south of Coffeyville. In the fall of 1890, he worked on the Open A, and when their cattle were shipped in the spring of '91, he got a job with the Roberts brothers near-by.

By this time, Henry was a crack cowboy. Five feet nine inches tall, strong, athletic build, with straight black hair, dark brown eyes, and handsome with just a tinge of swarthiness. He didn't use tobacco, coffee, or liquor. He looked like a man who could be trusted.

Then, in June of '91, Henry was arrested for introducing whiskey to the Indian Territory. Starr always claimed that the whiskey the marshals found in his buggy belonged to a friend who had asked him to haul it to Nowata. Official records do not bear him out. The supposed friend was never identified, and Starr pleaded guilty. He was fined and released.

In February, 1892, he was arrested again, for horse-stealing, but the case was dismissed in commissioner's court. In August, he stole two horses and was released on bond furnished by a cousin and the chief of the Cherokee Nation. He failed to appear at his trial; bond was forfeited and his bondsman offered a reward for his capture. Now Henry began the series of crimes that was to graduate him into the full-fledged outlaw class of the James-Youngers, Daltons and Doolin. He had turned professional.

ACCOMPANIED by a Delaware half-breed, Ed Newcome, and Jesse Jackson, a white man, he held up the Missouri Pacific at Nowata. He robbed the Schufeldt and Son store at Lenapah in October, and in November, held up Carter's store at Sequoyah. Meanwhile, Detective H. E. Dickey of the Express company, investigating the Nowata affair, had gone to Fort Smith, obtained a warrant for Starr's arrest, and accompanied by Deputy Marshal Floyd Wilson, went out to hunt the youthful bandit.

On December 13, they picked up his trail south of Lenapah and traced him to the ranch of Albert Dodge in the California Creek country. Dodge reported he had seen the outlaw ride past his place several times. The officers began scouring the country for him.

Wilson came upon Starr alone in an opening on Wolf Creek. They sighted each other the same instant, and Starr dropped from his saddle. Wilson dismounted also, and the pair stood facing each other only thirty paces apart, Winchesters in their hands.

Wilson ordered Starr to surrender, and Starr fired a bullet

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ROBBED ALL!

Photos by the Author.

past his head. Wilson fired once. As he levered for a fresh cartridge, the empty shell jammed in his rifle. Throwing down the weapon, he reached for his revolver. But Starr fired two more shots, and Wilson dropped to the ground. While he lay there, too badly wounded to lift the six-shooter he had drawn, the outlaw calmly strode forward and fired another bullet into his heart, holding the gun so close that the blaze spouting from its muzzle burned the officer's clothing. The shooting frightened away their horses, but Starr managed to catch Wilson's. He mounted and rode off.

Detective Dickey heard the shooting and hurried to the scene. But he arrived too late. He took Wilson's body back to Fort Smith.

STARR became the most hunted desperado in the Territory. Under his planning and leadership, his fast-shooting, hard-riding band now committed robberies in rapid succession: the railroad station at Chelsea; the M.K.&T. Railroad at Pryor Creek; a railroad station and store at Choteau; a store at Nowata; the bank at Aldrich, Missouri, and the Caney Valley bank in Kansas.

In the double robbery at Choteau, he met with a couple of disappointments. With two of his gang, he rode in to rob the eight o'clock northbound passenger train, but arrived just as it was leaving the station. They held up the station agent and four passengers who had just got off the train, obtaining $180, then rode over to Haden's store, where W. A. Hancock, a clerk, was on duty. The store did most of the banking for the cattlemen in the area and usually had five or six thousand dollars in its safe. But Hancock had taken the money to the Vinita bank the day before. Starr cursed him, smashed out the front windows with the butt of his Winchester, and left.

The bank robbery at Aldrich netted the most money, over $3000; the Caney holdup was the most daring.

Tying their horses within a block of the bank, Starr and one companion, unmasked and carrying Winchesters, walked boldly into the front door of the institution and covered the officials. The cashier leaped into the vault and slammed the door. When they threatened to kill the president, he opened it and handed over $2000. The robbers marched their captives into the back yard, which was surrounded by a high board fence, and locked them in. Then calmly they returned to their horses, mounted, and rode into the hills before the people discovered their bank had been robbed.

Always on the go, always pursued, they somehow always managed to avoid the marshals until they ran into Deputies Ike Rogers and Rufe Cannon near Bartlesville. In this fight, Jesse Jackson was shot three times. The others were captured. Henry Starr escaped.

It was a close shave. But, undaunted, Starr planned the next big robbery of his career.

He organized another gang of such hard characters as Frank Cheney, Link Cumplin, Bud Tyler, Hank Watt, a laughing gunman known only as Happy Jack, and a deadly, smooth-faced youth named Kid Wilson (no relation to the slain deputy), who already had ridden with him in the train robbery at Pryor Creek and had a thousand dollar reward on his head. They crossed into the Ozarks and camped near Bentonville, Arkansas. Starr went in alone to case the People's Bank. When he returned, he knew the habits of all its employees, the location of every street, alley, store, house, and vacant lot.

ON June 5, 1893, Starr and Cheney drove into town in a buggy, leading their horses behind, and smuggling the gang's Winchesters under a blanket. Their six-shooters were concealed under their coats. The other five outlaws rode in at intervals, so as not to arouse suspicion. It was 2:30 p.m., the time when, Starr had determined, the most money would be in sight.

They drove past the courthouse square into the alley behind the bank. Quickly, the others rode up and dismounted. Happy Jack held the reins of the seven saddled horses while the others snatched their rifles from the buggy and ran to their assigned positions. Watt and Tyler guarded the escape route between the bank and horses. Cumplin stood watch at the bank door. Starr, Wilson, and Cheney darted inside.

Wilson swept the money from the counter. Cheney leaped into the vault. Starr prodded four surprised bank officials and two customers against the wall. Within two minutes, Wilson and Cheney had all the loose money stuffed in two sacks—one containing gold and currency, the other $900 in silver—and were ready to go.

It also had been time enough for the people to realize their bank was being robbed. As the alarm spread, citizens seized pistols and shotguns and opened fire on the guards.

Sheriff Pierce Galbraith was in the county judge's office. A boy dashed in and told him the bank was being held up. He ran for the alley where the gang had left their horses and buggy.

Inside the bank, Starr took the sack of gold and currency and handed the sack of silver to the cashier, giving Wilson and Cheney free hands with their Winchesters. Starr ordered the other captives to leave the bank first.

He intended to march behind them as a screen. But once outside, with a score of citizens shooting at them, it was no more dangerous not to stay with the robbers, and they fled in every direction.

With the cashier still in custody, the gang moved toward their horses. Their guns blazed, and four citizens fell. The

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People's National Bank at Harrison, Arkansas, where Starr was shot to death.

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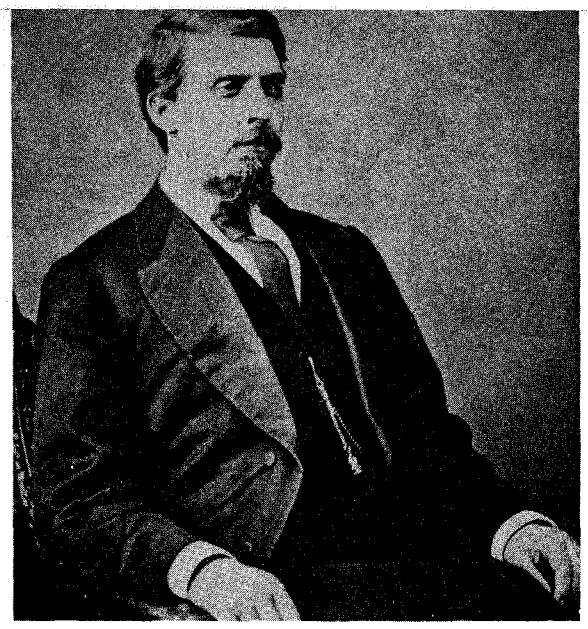

Judge Isaac C. Parker, Fort Smith, Arkansas, who twice sentenced Starr to die on the gallows. Each time the clever outlaw escaped the rope.

Paul Curry, who shot and wounded Starr and Estes in double bank robbery at Stroud, Oklahoma.

cashier was wounded as they forced him along the sidewalk. The act of a courageous young lady, employed as business manager in the office of the Bentonville *Sun*, saved his life.

As the cashier, carrying the sack of silver, passed the office, Miss Maggie Wood bravely reached outside, seized him by the shoulders, and pulled him headlong into the room. Before the robbers recovered from surprise, she closed and locked the door.

THERE was no time to try to recover the loot. The gunfire from the street had increased. Sheriff Galbraith had reached the alley and opened fire on Happy Jack. A drayman coming up the street fired on Tyler, inflicting a serious wound. Cumplin, who had stood his ground at the bank door, had one eye shot out, two bullets through his right arm, and eight wounds in other places about his body.

Starr helped him on his horse. Then all mounted and tore out of town, with lead volleying after them and a hundred citizens in pursuit. The posse followed for several miles, but the robbers outdistanced it and escaped.

The one sack of money netted the gang $11,000. Starr divided it among the members and ordered them to split up for a while. But the territory got so hot they never united.

Tyler died in bed from his wound. Happy Jack was killed by marshals two months later. A year afterward, they killed Frank Cheney. Link Cumplin survived his wounds and went to Alaska, tried to hold up an express messenger, and was shot to death. Starr and Kid Wilson had vanished.

The night of July 1, 1893, two men and a woman checked in at the Spaulding House in Colorado Springs and signed the register "Frank and Mary Jackson" and "John Wilson," of Joplin, Missouri. Next morning, William Feuerstine of Fort Smith, visiting the resort city, stepped into the lobby and recognized Starr.

Feuerstine reported to Chief of Police Dana. Dana investigated. Jackson was Starr, Mary Jackson his alleged wife, and John Wilson the notorious Kid. Knowing the desperate character of these men, Dana decided to arrest them separately.

He secreted four officers in a room on South Teton Street and detailed Detective Joe Atkinson to the Spaulding House to keep them in sight. Shortly before noon, Starr and Wilson went to the Oppenheimer Brothers store. They purchased fine suits of clothes, gold watches and chains, and invited the Oppenheimers to accompany them to see the sights. They rented a rig, picked up Mrs. Jackson at the Spaulding House, and drove to Manitou, where they spent the day. Detectives watched their every move.

They returned at dark. Starr and the woman got out at the Spaulding House, Wilson accompanying the rig to the stable. Later, Starr came down to the hotel office. Learning that the supper hour had passed, he walked two blocks up the street to the Cafe Royal and sat down to eat.

THIS was the moment waited for—the desperadoes had separated. Chief Dana and Captain Gathright leisurely strode into the cafe and walked past his table. Turning suddenly, they pinioned Starr's arms and wrists. Atkinson and his men rushed in, covering him with six-shooters, and relieved him of a .45 revolver concealed under his coat.

"Who do you think you've got?" he asked.

"Henry Starr," Dana replied.

"If you hadn't got the drop on me, there would have been some corpses around," Starr said.

Meanwhile, Kid Wilson had taken a streetcar to Colorado City and entered a house of ill-fame. When the landlady opened the door to the room, the officers rushed in, ordered him to throw up his hands, and disarmed him.

A few minutes later, another squad arrested the last of the trio, Mrs. Jackson, at the Spaulding House, in bed. Under her pillow was a .38 revolver and $1460 in greenbacks. In a valise near-by was $500 in gold.

She told conflicting stories at first of her relationship with Starr and about the money. She was eighteen and attractive. When told the identity of the two men with her, she became extremely nervous. She was identified as a Joplin girl who had become infatuated with Starr a few weeks before and married him, unaware of his crimes.

Starr and Wilson were released to Federal authorities at Fort Smith. Four indictments for robbery and one for murder were returned against Starr. He also was indicted jointly with Kid Wilson for the Pryor Creek robbery. Wilson received twenty-four years.

Starr was sentenced to hang for murder. But he swore he didn't know Deputy Wilson nor the character of his mission, and had killed in self-defense. He took a writ to the Supreme Court and obtained a new trial on grounds that the trial court had shown prejudice in instructing the jury.

He was tried again a year later, and again sentenced to hang. He took a second writ to the Supreme Court and was granted another trial. Two years later, in October, 1897, he pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to five years at Columbus, Ohio, and to ten years on two robberies for which he had been convicted pending his trial for murder.

DURING his five years in the United States jail, his deportment had been most exemplary. He read much and wrote articles for newspapers about the Indian Territory and the Five Civilized Tribes. Apparently he was a changed man, and friends believed that if restored to civil walks of life, he would be a decent citizen.

He promised as much to the President of the United States and to the Cherokee National Council, which passed a resolution recommending his pardon. Theodore Roosevelt commuted his sentence to expire January 16, 1904.

Starr returned to the Cherokee Nation. He married an Indian girl, a school teacher and very estimable woman. In May, he filed for allotments at the Tahlequah land office for himself, his wife, mother, and sister. All the family took land in a body near Skiatook.

Starr engaged in the real estate business in Tulsa. His wife bore him a child, a boy, whom he named after the President who had pardoned him. His life as a peaceful and honorable citizen seemed settled.

Starr always claimed that a disgruntled business rival took a trip to Bentonville, found the old charge for bank robbery pending against him, and prodded Arkansas authorities into

(Continued on page 32)

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HAWKS OF THE DESERT

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Still "fighting to live," the Apaches move into their darkest decade—1871-1881; a period of raid and retaliation, of bloodshed and brutality among red men and white.

SYNOPSIS:
"We fight to live," stated the great Apache chief, Cochise—and that was the Apache way of life for uncounted centuries. Over the warlike years, the Apaches fought everybody with whom they came in contact—Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans; last and mightiest of all, the Americans. Hunted relentlessly in the Government's "Apache Extermination Policy," the tribesmen still fought back doggedly from their remote hideouts at the start of the bitter year of 1871.

IN July, 1871, the Government belatedly conceded that the military campaign against the hostile Apaches had failed after a decade of bloody trial. Conferences were held among the high brass, and a policy of conciliation was decided upon. Cochise, the wily leader of the Chiricahuas, was instrumental in changing the official mind—the clincher being Cochise's defeat of Lieutenant Howard Cushing's column in a fight at Bear Springs in the Whetstone Mountains.

The doughty generals were shocked by this unexpected development, for Cushing's "Flying Squadron" was considered invincible at Indian fighting. Specializing in handling small numbers of highly trained men mounted on the best horses available, the dashing young officer had led his hard-riding Third Cavalry detachment thousands of miles in brilliant operations against the hostiles. In the three years since 1868, Lieutenant Cushing had destroyed several Apache *rancherias* in lightning hit-and-run raids, fought nearly a hundred skirmishes in which he was almost invariably successful, and killed unnumbered warriors. Goaded ceaselessly to avenge the torture death of a beloved comrade, Cushing finally made a bad error of judgment. He tackled Cochise, appropriately called "The Serpent."

On May 5, 1871, Cushing was hard on the trail of the Chiricahuas. Cochise, with thirty warriors, laid a trap for the hotly pursuing cavalry along the sides of a canyon leading to Bear Springs.

Unaccountably, Cushing blindly followed the Apaches' trail into the narrow canyon. He had but twenty-two men in his command, but all were experienced Indian fighters. Yet only Sergeant Jack Mott noticed anything ominous about the situation. Mott detected a tiny flash of movement behind a bush halfway up the side of the gorge, and instantly shouted a warning. Cushing waved the column to a halt—and at that instant the hidden Apaches cut loose a volley of bullets. The C.O. pitched from his saddle, shot through the heart. Sergeant Mott, assuming command, rallied the startled troopers to meet the charging warriors. In five minutes of furious action, Mott extricated half the squadron from the death trap and got them clear away. The vengeful Apaches mangled the bodies of the fallen Lieutenant and the ten slain troopers, before lighting out for Mexico and safety.

The Apache campaign stalled after the death of Lieutenant Cushing, and remained stalled for three months while top Government officials mulled over new plans. Vincent Collyer, President Grant's personal representative, arrived in Arizona Territory late in July with instructions to "locate the nomadic tribes upon suitable territories, and bring them under control of the proper offices of the Indian Department."

THIS was a large order—and nobody knew it better than Collyer. But President Grant had selected well when he picked Collyer for the difficult task. Patient, diplomatic and hard-working, Collyer managed to achieve a surprising measure of success in his complex mission. Even Cochise himself came in out of the mountains to talk peace with the agent of the Great White Father in Washington. Well guarded by picked warriors, the famed war chief of the Chiricahuas appeared at the peace council at Canada Alamosa early in September.

General Gordon Granger smoked ceremonially with Cochise before stating what the Government expected of him if he quit the war trail.

"You must stop raiding and settle down on a reservation with all your people," insisted General Granger. "We will allow you a reservation in your own country if you promise to live peaceably with all men."

Cochise accepted the terms on

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Cochise, great Chief of the Chiricahua Apaches.
Frontier Pix

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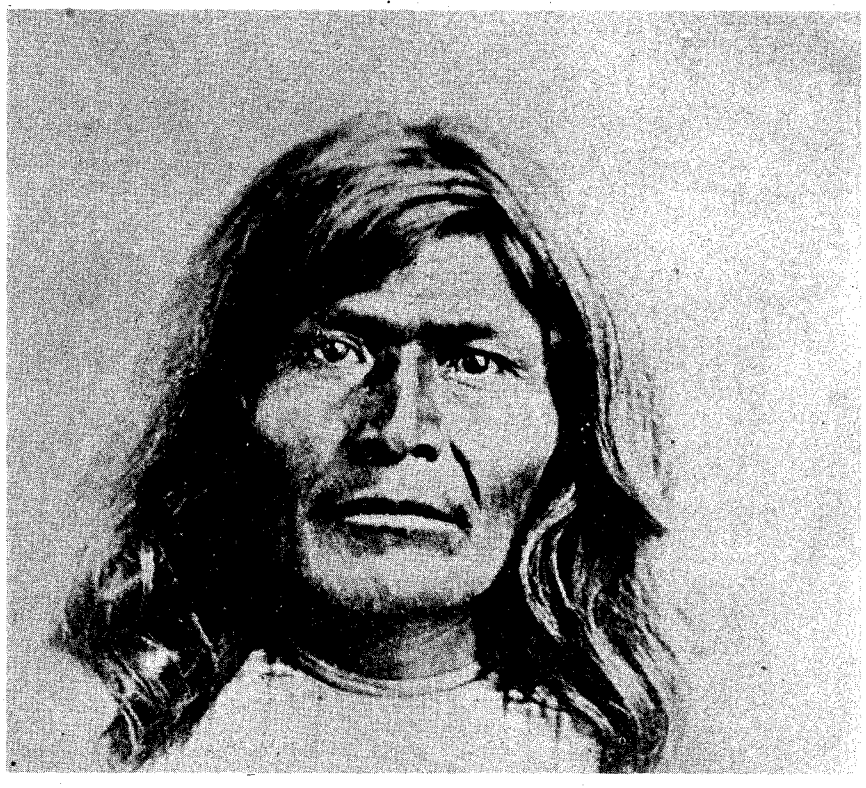

Victorio, famed leader of the Mimbreno Apaches Frontier Pix

behalf of all the Chiricahuas. In his speech of acceptance he said, in part: "When I was young, I walked all over this country and saw no other people than the Apaches. After many summers I walked again and found another race of people who had come to take it. How is it?" (Why is that?)

The chief paused and looked around at his white listeners, but nobody answered his question. He waited the long moment prescribed by Indian courtesy, then continued: "Why is it that the Apaches want to die—that they carry their lives in their finger nails? They roam over the hills and plains and want the heavens to fall on them. The Apaches were once a great nation; they are now but a few . . . Many have been killed in battle . . . Tell me, if the Virgin Mary has walked throughout all the land, why has she never entered the lodge of the Apache?"

This was a sad, strange speech, and the listening white men could not fathom Cochise's cryptic remarks nor answer his enigmatic questions. Perhaps he did not wholly understand them himself. His keen yet primitive mind groped desperately for the explanation of the Apaches' crushing downfall and their frantic drive toward tribal annihilation, but he could not find it. He was sick to death of fighting and running and starving; he wanted with all his heart to believe in the fine promises of the white men—yet he still suspected them of treachery. Most of all, he feared that once the Chiricahuas were stripped of weapons they would be shipped off to the Tularosa reservation in New Mexico. "I will never go to that reservation," he stated firmly. "That is a long way off. The flies in those mountains eat out the eyes of the horses. The Bad Spirits live there. I have drunk of those waters . . . I do not want to leave here."

Doctor A. N. Ellis, present at the council, described Cochise as follows:

"While he was talking, we had a fine opportunity to study this most remarkable man. Evidently he was about fifty-eight years of age, although he looked much younger; his height, five feet ten inches; in person lithe and wiry, every muscle being well rounded and firm. A silver thread was now and then visible in his otherwise black hair, which he wore cut straight around his head about on a level with his chin. His countenance displayed great force."

Following Cochise's example, about sixteen hundred Apaches came into Canada Alamosa within the next month or two. Then—precisely as the Chiricahua chief had feared—the white men flatly repudiated their promises and ordered Cochise to take his people to Tularosa. The Chiricahuas fled to the mountains, followed by many warriors of other divisions of the tribe. The short-lived peace was over.

GENERAL GEORGE CROOK was now in command of the military forces in the Southwest. Crook, known to the Apaches as *Nan-tan Lupan* (Chief Gray Wolf) was a tenacious, methodical commander fully experienced at Indian fighting. Immobilized for months by Vincent Collyer's conciliatory policy toward the Apaches, Crook employed the time by reorganizing the troops at his command and developing a Scout Corps. This hard-bitten outfit, comprised of Indians, half-breeds and veteran white frontiersmen, was badly needed. Previously, inferior scouting had been a fatal weakness exploited by the crafty enemy in every campaign.

Marking time while Collyer conducted long and often fruitless parleys with the Indians, Crook was ready to move late in 1871 when conciliation—after a fairly auspicious beginning—finally proved to be a failure. The General marched at once to . . . "punish the incorrigibly hostile." On November 15 he moved northward toward the Tonto Basin.

Holed-up in the Tonto Basin, protected on all sides by the rugged Mogollons, Mazatals and Sierra Ancha Mountains, were an unknown number of hostile Apaches. Crook planned to sweep the entire Basin clean of the enemy by dividing his command into several columns, moving from as many different points to converge at a central rendezvous. Each column commander had received the same general orders: attack the enemy wherever spotted; accept surrender wherever possible, but when the enemy refused to lay down their weapons, they must be hit hard and hunted down to the last man. Women and children were not to be harmed.

Most daring and destructive of all the chiefs operating from the Tonto Basin stronghold was Chief Chuntz of the Tontos. The Fifth Cavalry, Major William Brown commanding, was sent in to hunt down Chuntz. One hundred Pima scouts and forty renegade Apaches accompanied the troops on this mission. An Apache named Nantahe, formerly of Chuntz's band, was counted upon to lead the soldiers to the Tonto hideout. All in all, Brown led a force of 320 fighting men.

Bleak December was nearly over when Brown's command approached Chuntz's Salt River Canyon stamping ground in the Mazatal Mountains. On the night of December 26, the Indian scouts reported campfires up ahead. The fires proved to be at a recently abandoned camp, so the troops knew that the long hunt was drawing to a close. The men moved on through the chill pre-dawn darkness, bone-tired but eager for the kill. Near daybreak the scouts smelled smoke on the wind and called a halt. This development elated the C.O., since it constituted proof that the quarry had no suspicion they were being trailed. The advance resumed—cautiously, and with Nantahe in virtual command.

AT sunrise the men were close to a cave halfway up the rocky wall of the canyon—a cave which Nantahe remembered as a favorite hideout of Chief Chuntz. The renegade halted a few minutes' climb below the cave, and asked for a detachment of troopers to accompany him up-canyon and head off any possible escape of the quarry in that direction. Lieutenant William Ross led the detachment, which had to climb a precipitous slope to get to their position across the canyon opposite the cave.

Ross' men were first to spot the Apaches at the cave. Peering over the top of a boulder, Ross got a good view of them. Women were cooking breakfast over small fires in the cave mouth—it had been the smoke of these fires the scouts had detected. Children played about the fires; several old men smoked peacefully nearby. On the rock shelf in front of the cave a number of warriors danced a stately ceremonial dance.

"Dance of Thanksgiving," whispered Nantahe. "These men just back from raid—they offer thanks to Great Spirit they not killed." The renegade cocked his rifle, adding significantly: "Great Spirit has turned his face away—before *Holox* (the sun) is one hour high, they will all be dead!"

Lieutenant Ross drew slightly away from the Apache traitor in revulsion.

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He watched the scene before him with curiously mixed emotions; the lithe dancers spinning and stamping in barbaric ecstasy, the music makers with their taut buckskin drums, single-string fiddles and elk-bone rattles; the women bending happily over their cooking pots; the children playing all unconscious of danger . . .

"Poor devils," whispered the white man in pity. "Poor devils."

The signal came, announcing that the cave was surrounded—a liquid bird call from the scouts stationed above the hideout, instantly repeated from the scouts stationed below. Nantahe answered—and Lieutenant Ross gave the order to fire.

Six of the dancing warriors dropped at the first blast of bullets; the rest of the Apaches, men, women and children, disappeared instantly within the cave. Nantahe called out in the Tonto tongue, telling the Indians they were surrounded and could not escape. "Surrender and you will not be harmed," promised the renegade. A shrill, defiant war cry and a rifle shot from within the cave was his answer.

A rock parapet extended across the mouth of the cave; therefore, it was impossible to take the position by direct assault without incurring heavy casualties. Major Brown hit upon a better plan; instructing the troops to aim their bullets against the granite roof of the cave. Ricocheting lead and flying rock splinters would then glance down among the Indians behind the parapet. Brown realized that women and children must inevitably be hit, but that couldn't be helped. Grimly, the C.O. ordered the first volley.

THE trapped Apaches withstood the murderous glancing fire for half an hour of steady shooting. The agonized shrieks of wounded women and children finally induced Brown to order a cease-fire. Nantahe shouted to the Apaches to surrender, or let their women and children come out unharmed. The doomed braves responded by singing their death song. Nantahe cried excitedly to Brown. "Get ready! They're going to charge!"

Twenty warriors rushed out of the cave. Ten braves stood upon the rock rampart, protecting with covering fire their comrades who raced down the steep slope toward the right flank yelling "*Zas-tee, Zas-tee!*" (Kill, kill!) Hidden troopers rose to meet them in a brief, fierce, hand-to-hand struggle. Seven Apaches were killed; the others raced back to the cave.

Methodically the troopers poured lead into the cave until not a hostile rifle cracked in reply. Soldiers climbed the canyon wall to a point where they could look directly behind the rock wall before the cave. One man exposed his head—and a waiting Apache sharpshooter drilled him neatly between the eyes. The troopers resorted to primitive warfare, sending boulders crashing down upon the cave. Some of the huge stones missed the narrow ledge before the cave; others struck on top of the rock wall or smashed into the huddled Indians behind it.

After ten minutes of furious exertion, the soldiers stopped the rock barrage and moved cautiously down the slope to the cave. Corporal Hanlon, of Troop G, was the first man over the wall. The tough Irish non-com took one look at the ghastly sight within and crossed himself in horror.

All over the shallow cave the Apaches lay in crushed heaps of bloody flesh; men, women and children. Of nearly one hundred Indians only eighteen survived—all women and small children, who had been placed in the safest spot at the farthest depth of the cave. Nearly all of the eighteen survivors had been wounded—some seriously—by glancing bullets, rock splinters or bounding boulders. Seventy-four were dead. The band was wiped out, but Major Brown found to his chagrin that Chuntz had escaped the trap. The chief had been away from the cave when the soldiers struck. The day after the massacre of his band, Chuntz joined Del-she's band and together the two chiefs swore undying vengeance upon the White Eyes.

THE final mop-up of the Tonto Apaches continued hard upon the terrible affair at the Salt River Canyon cave, when the Superstition Mountain band surrendered to hard-driving Major Brown in January, 1873. Chuntz and Del-she raided south in a last defiant gesture, attacking a woefully vulnerable party of young Englishmen near Wickenberg.

These youthful British adventurers had but recently arrived in Arizona Territory, eager to make their fortunes in cattle raising or mining in America's fabulous Southwest. They found death instead at the hands of the Apaches. Chuntz, remembering the slaughter of his people at Salt River, coldly supervised the death by torture of the two survivors of the attack. Captain John G. Bourke, in his book *On the Border with Crook*, describes their frightful finish as follows:

"The assailants . . . tied two of them to cactus, and proceeded deliberately to fill them with arrows. One of the poor wretches rolled and writhed in agony, breaking off the feathered ends of the arrows, but each time he turned his body, exposing a space not yet wounded, the Apaches shot in another barb."

The killers left the bodies of their victims beside the trail and fled back to Turret Butte, their last and almost inaccessible stronghold in the Tonto Basin.

(Continued on following page)

Typical Apache Village, warriors and children. Ben Wittick Collection, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

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And here, on the night of April 22, 1872, Major George Randall's command drew close to the towering butte and made plans for the attack.

The ascent of Turret Butte would have to be made in darkness and in silence. Reconnoitering scouts determined that the fugitive Apaches—over-confident of the impregnability of their lofty eyrie—had not posted guards at the top of the precipitous walls of Turret Butte. Yet one dislodged boulder, one metallic clank of a dropped rifle, and the sleeping Indians would be alerted to rush to the rim of the precipice and rain rocks on the heads of the attackers. Absolute caution, therefore, must dictate every move of the troops. Grim-faced non-coms briefed each man in their squads before the slow, perilous climb began.

Literally hours were spent climbing the steep-walled butte to the almost flat turret top where lay the Apaches' camp. Midnight came and passed before the hazardous ascent was completed. From the summit the tired soldiers could see the dull glow of dying campfires marking the unguarded Apache village lying before them in the darkness. Shivering in the cold, the troopers settled down to munch hardtack and wait for the hour of dawn in which to attack. No one dared light a match, so even the solace of a smoke was denied them.

The bugler sounding the charge sent the troops pouring into the sleeping village at daybreak. The resulting butchery was swift and efficient. Caught utterly offguard, the dazed Indians offered no resistance. Many of the braves, fleeing the death-dealing carbines of the soldiers, jumped off the brink of the precipice near their wickiups and were smashed to pulp on the rocks far below. The others quickly surrendered; among them Chuntz and Del-she. The entire bloody affair had lasted but a few minutes. So ended forever the resistance of the Tonto Apaches to the all-conquering White Eyes.

WHILE General Crook had been busy cleaning up the Tontos, General O. O. Howard and the famed frontiersman and ex-scout, Captain Tom Jeffords, had worked effectively at negotiating a peace with Cochise and his Chiricahuas. Howard, a personal representative of President Grant, had appealed to Jeffords to take him to see Cochise in an attempt to secure peace. Jeffords, a close friend of the Chiricahua chief, had recently become Cochise's blood brother in a solemn tribal ceremony. First satisfying himself as to Howard's complete sincerity, the lanky, red-haired Jeffords escorted the white-bearded General to Cochise's Stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains.

The chief greeted Howard courteously, shook hands warmly with his *Sheek-asay* (brother), and invited his guests to sit and smoke. After the ceremonial smoke of welcome came the *yoshti*—the intimate talk between friends and relatives. Jeffords outlined the terms of the projected peace and described the boundaries of the lands set aside for the Chiricahuas. The new Chiricahua reservation encompassed a broad sweep of rugged country. From Dragoon Springs, near Dragoon Pass, the line ran northeasterly to the north base of the Chiricahua Mountains and thence to a point on the summit of the Peloncillo Mountains, thence southeast along the Peloncillos to the Mexican border; turning westward along the international boundary for fifty-five miles, and then northward along the base of the Dragoons to the place of the beginning.

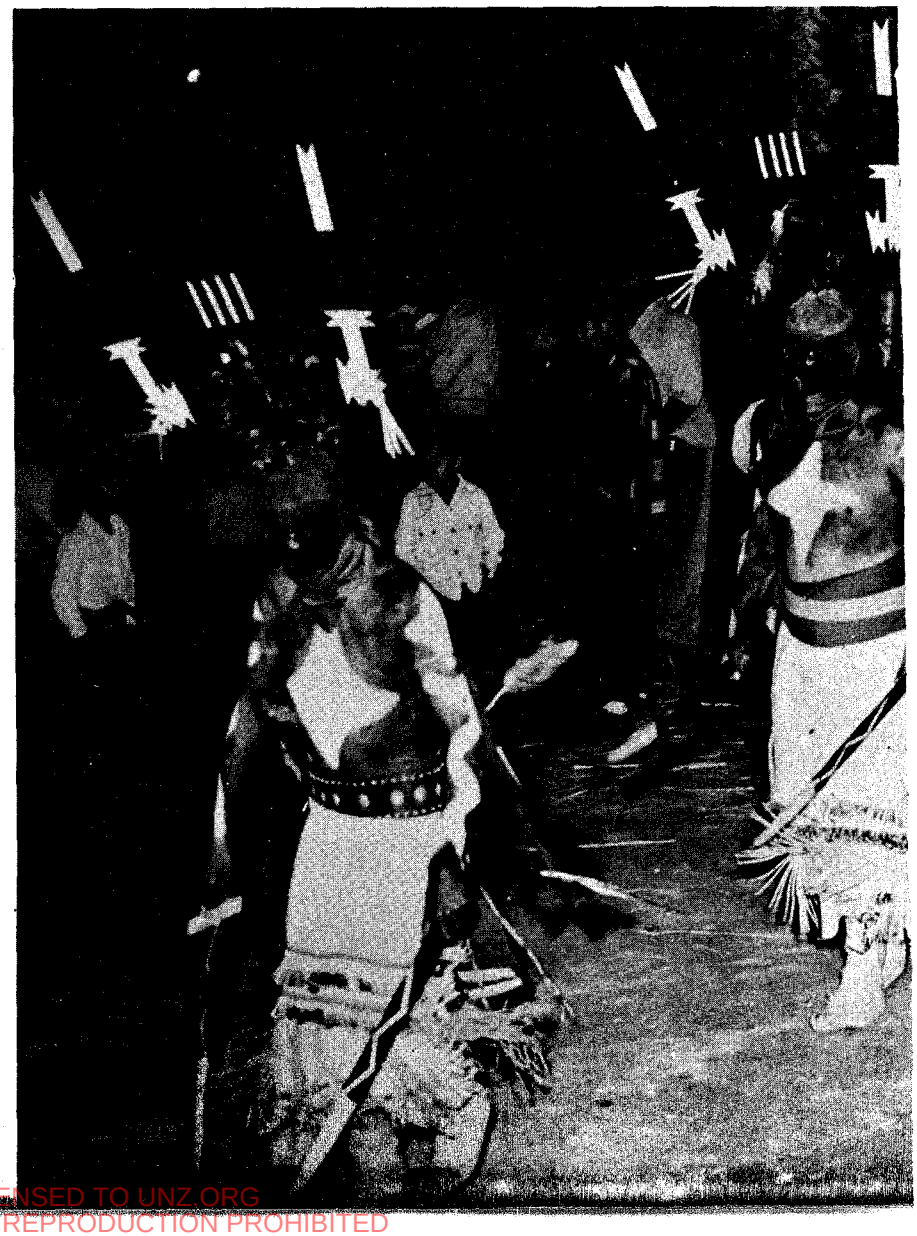
This wide spread of land was right in the heart of the Chiricahuas' home country, and Cochise was greatly pleased with the arrangement. The chief formally accepted the terms on behalf of his people, after first insisting that Tom Jeffords be made Agent of the newly created reservation. General Howard, acting in his capacity of President Grant's personal representative, by the authority granted to him by the Secretary of the Interior, appointed Jeffords Agent on the spot.

Cochise then rose from his seat beside the council fire and took the white-bearded General's left hand (Howard's right arm had been shot off in the Civil War) in both his own hands and pressed it over his heart. "I believe you," he said simply, looking Howard straight in the eyes. "Your tongue is straight, your eyes do not falter as you speak to me. These promised good things will come to pass. *Enju.*"

It was not well. Everything had seemed auspicious for a fair and lasting peace as the Chiricahuas forsook their warlike past and moved onto the new reservation as wards of the Great White Father in Washington. General Howard had pledged his word that all would go well with the Chiricahuas once the initial difficult period of readjustment to reservation life had been accomplished. Despite Howard's sincere—if impossibly optimistic—promises, little was done for the Chiricahuas. No schools, hospitals or trading stores were provided by the Government. Food supplies were either insufficient or in ridiculously large quantities of the wrong kind. Agent Jeffords, asking for corn, received a huge shipment of wheat, which the Indians had never eaten and did not know how to prepare. Tom blew up at that and wrote an angry letter to Washington.

INDIAN BUREAU officials, blandly ignoring the wheat episode, advised Jeffords to instruct the Chiricahuas in the art of agriculture in order that they might support themselves. Logical in theory, this suggestion would have been absurd in practice. The Chiricahuas had always been hunters and warriors; they knew nothing of agriculture. In any case, even if they had been supplied with proper tools and instructed in farming, the land of their reservation was so poor it could not have grown crops. Game was becoming alarmingly scarce, since white hunters armed with modern repeating rifles constantly encroached upon reservation territory with brazen impunity. Bored with idleness, young Chiricahua braves sought solace in the

Apaches still retain ancient customs. Here a group



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crude raw whiskey illegally peddled to the Apaches by white traders. Inflamed by the unaccustomed alcohol, small parties of these youthful braves defied Cochise's authority to resume raiding into Mexico.

In this tense situation, the Indian Bureau suddenly decided to move the Chiricahuas to the San Carlos Valley. For a mountain people like the Chiricahuas, this was equivalent to a mass death sentence. The marshlands of the San Carlos had always been shunned by the tribe as the evil dwelling place of the deadly Fever Ghosts. Cochise, now enfeebled with a stomach ailment and the weight of his many years, protested in vain. Tom Jeffords raged to no avail. The all-knowing officials in far-off Washington had decided, and that was that. Apathetic and hopeless, the Chiricahuas moved to San Carlos.

Cochise died in early June, 1876, and now the disposessed Chiricahuas turned more and more to the white traders' fiery "Painkiller" to deaden their minds to despair. Confused, sullen, lacking a strong leader, the young men began talking of war. Eighty warriors, led by Gokliya—he who had been named Geronimo by the frightened Mexicans—bolted the reservation and raided south into Sonora. The "bad peace" was broken.

Twenty whites were killed on the United States side of the border within the next few weeks. No record was ever made of the Mexicans who died at the hands of Geronimo's ruthless raiders before the Chiricahuas turned northward again. The hostiles "stayed out" until the spring of 1877, when John P. Clum, Agent at San Carlos, accomplished the arrest of Geronimo at Ojo Caliente. The Chiricahua war leader was placed in the guardhouse at San Carlos to await trial. Time drifted on, and the inept Indian Bureau did nothing to straighten out the tangled mess of Apache affairs. John Clum, a sincere and intelligent man devoted to the welfare of the Indians, resigned his post at San Carlos in disgust. His successor cared not a hoot about pressing charges against Geronimo, so the sullen chief was freed.

GREATEST tactician of all the fighting Apache chiefs was Victorio. Of Victorio, General Crook once remarked: "Had he been a white man, his name would have gone down in history as one of the greatest military leaders the world has ever known." Unlike Mangas Colorado and Cochise, Victorio never believed in the promises of any white man. "I would sooner trust a rattlesnake than a white man," said Victorio—and the Mimbreno leader never changed his opinion. Not for him an ignominious surrender and the slow physical and mental decay of reservation life. Ordered to remove his people to the hated San Carlos reservation in April of 1879, Victorio vanished with thirty braves. He never returned.

Southward, with troops hotly pursuing, fled the little band. Circling El Paso and crossing the Rio Grande into the Big Bend country of Texas, Victorio joined forces with Caballero, chief of the Mescaleros. Gladly the aged Caballero placed his eighty warriors under the leadership of the Mimbreno chief.

Now, with more than a hundred braves at his command, Victorio began a "ghost war" against the U.S. Army while living off the Mexican sheep herders and ranchers scattered throughout the country. Forced to barter horses, food, weapons and ammunition in exchange for their lives, the Mexicans unwillingly supported the Apaches in what was the most frustrating campaign yet to engage American troops. Kept well informed by his scouts of the soldiers' movements, Victorio kept the Army off balance by a series of lightning maneuvers. The hard-riding Texas Rangers were a different proposition. When the Rangers pressed him in force, the wily Mimbreno ducked below the border.

The Army believed Victorio to be in Mexico in September of 1879. On September 4, Captain Hooker's company of the 9th Cavalry, famed Negro regiment, was camped near Ojo Caliente in New Mexico with never a thought of Indian trouble on their minds. Victorio, passing boldly through the country on the way to his old stamping ground, spotted Hooker's fine horse herd grazing under guard—and promptly attacked. His warriors swooped down on the drowsing troopers, killed eight of them in as many seconds, and made off with 46 horses. Not a brave was lost in the quickly planned and perfectly executed raid. The raging Hooker trailed the Apaches for several miles until all tracks petered out on rocky ground. Baffled, the 9th kept on—hoping somehow to run across their quarry.

Ten days later, near Hillsboro, New Mexico, Victorio's grim fighters ambushed a large posse of ranchers and miners and chopped it to pieces in five minutes of furious action. Ten whites died in this scrap; two Apaches wounded.

Lieutenant Colonel Dudley, with two troops of the pursuing cavalry, caught up with Victorio's fleeing band on September 18 in rough country at the head of Las Animas Creek. Dudley attacked at once in dashing West Point style—and found Victorio's desert hawks holed-up among the rocks, impossible to dislodge. The Colonel withdrew, and awaited reinforcements.

Captain Beyer's arrival with two more troops of the 9th Cavalry started the fighting again. All day the vicious battle continued. At dusk, Dudley counted eight men killed, twelve wounded, and 38 horses killed or crippled. Not a single Indian was known to have fallen. At nightfall, Dudley conceded the Apache victory and withdrew.

Three times Victorio had fought and beaten the white men. Loaded with booty, the raiders turned south toward the border. The doggedly pursuing 9th Cavalry overtook the retreating Apaches near Ojo Caliente, but failed to corner them in a two-day running fight. They chased Victorio across the border and

(Continued on following page)

of Mescaleros perform their symbolic Devil Dance.

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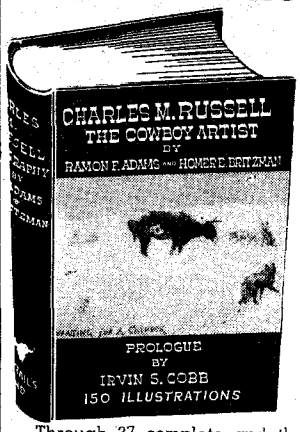

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Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)

tackled him again near the Corralitos River. The Apaches repulsed the exhausted troopers with ease, and watched with savage amusement as the battered troopers turned wearily back toward home country.

Victorio could have wiped them out to a man, but it suited his purpose to let them go. "Let them go back to Fort Bayard and tell the commanding officer there that five times the Apaches fought them off," he told his impatient warriors. "Then all the White Eyes will hear the story, and they will not be so hot to trail us the next time. They will also tell their commander that we have been driven into Mexico to stay. That is what we want them to say, what we want them to think."

THE White Eyes were not so easily fooled. When Victorio's raiders crept back into the Big Bend to attack stagecoaches and cut the telegraph wires between Fort Davis and Eagle Springs, they discovered that the soldiers had laid a clever trap for them. Colonel Grierson, C. O. at Eagle Springs, was informed by his Indian scouts that Victorio was heading for Fresno Springs, a remote water hole. Grierson got there first with his whole command. Hundreds of troopers, concealed about the springs, waited tensely from dawn to nearly noon for their scouts to signal the Apaches' approach.

The signal—a mirror flash from a distant hill—came at 11 o'clock. Victorio, with 150 braves, was in sight. Sheer luck saved the usually wary chief from running headlong into the trap. Almost at the moment when Colonel Grierson was about to order the first volley fired upon the unsuspecting Apaches, a wagon train hove in sight. In a flash, the approaching warriors took cover to ambush the train.

Boiling with rage, the Colonel ordered the charge. The amazed Apaches lit out for the Rio Grande with 800 troopers chasing them. Victorio won the race for the border; his braves fanning out in the old "scattered quail" trick once they'd crossed the river. Grierson gave up the pursuit at once.

The hunted Apaches holed-up in the rugged Candelaria Mountains of Chihuahua and rested three days before striking at neighboring ranches, raiding three of the most prosperous in rapid succession. After the third bold swoop, the outraged citizens of the nearby town of Carrizal formed a posse and rode forth to avenge the depredations. Fifteen horsemen, under the direction of Don Jose Rodriguez, took the trail to the mountains. It was gay adventure to the heedless *caballero;* little did he guess that from a lofty peak in the Candelarias an Apache scout flashed mirror signals of the posse's approach to Victorio long before they reached the trail leading to the Apache hideaway.

This narrow trail led through a deep canyon between two peaks of the Candelarias. On the north side of the trail, Victorio posted a few warriors armed with rifles. Directly opposite, on the south side of the trail, lay a number of scattered boulders which would serve as a natural refuge for the Mexicans when fired upon. There was one slight drawback to it, however. Up the slope of the canyon, behind the boulders, forty warriors lay hidden. Those inviting rocks would prove to be a death-trap instead of a refuge.

So it happened. Fired upon from the north side of the trail, Rodriguez and his men flung themselves off their horses and dashed for the boulders. They had just turned their rifles toward the white puffs of smoke jetting out from the rocks across the trail, when Victorio gave the signal to fire to his braves on the high cliffs behind the doomed Mexicans.

In three minutes of heavy firing it was all over. Fifteen Mexicans lay dead among the blood-smeared rocks.

VICTORIO stood among the corpses with a smile on his bronze face. "*Enju,*" he said softly. "Soon their brothers will come seeking these foolish ones. They, too, will die!"

The chief had called the turn. At Carrizal, the citizens of the town waited in vain for Don Rodriguez to return. The anxious days stretched into a week before the townsfolk realized that Don Jose and his men were never coming back—that they had been slaughtered in the mountains by *Los Indios Diablo.* A second posse of fourteen men was formed to ride into the Candelarias to try to find the bodies of the slain.

The second posse, too, failed to return. Again the agonized period of waiting—but this time the people of Carrizal did not send a third posse. A *vaquero* rode hard for Presidio del Norte—present-day Juarez—to ask help of the military *commandante* there. Colonel Ramos heard his report with grave concern and promised immediate aid.

Across the Rio Grande, in El Paso, Colonel Baylor of the Texas Rangers heard of the strange disappearance of the men of Carrizal and offered the services of the Rangers to help clear up the mystery. Within two days a force of one hundred Rangers and trained Mexican soldiers was riding south under command of Don Francisco Escajeda de Guadalupe. Colonel Baylor was second in command.

With scouts fanned out ahead and on all sides, the allied force pushed on steadily until they reached the foot of the Candelarias. Here, for the first time, the scouts found Indian sign. A broad trail led north, toward Santa Maria—the Indians had left their hideout. The sign was plain, yet Don Escajeda and Colonel Baylor took no chance of being ambushed. Entering the narrow canyon between the two towering peaks, scouting parties took to the crests on both sides of the trail. The others moved cautiously down the canyon, with cocked rifles ready.

Soon the bodies of the first party from Carrizal were found—and just beyond, the corpses of the second party. Standing there in that gloomy, bloody gorge, Colonel Baylor and Don Escajeda mentally reconstructed the terrible events.

Victorio had used the bodies of the first posse members as a lure to trap the living members of the second group. The grieving Mexicans had gathered the bodies of their friends and kinsmen in a row for burial. They were gathered closely together, probably praying for the souls of the dead, when the Apache fire cracked out from the heights behind them.

Two of the twenty-nine men were missing. Undoubtedly they were dead—but where were their bodies and how had they died? Stripped and staked out face down on an ant-hill perhaps? Or hung head down over a slow fire until

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their skulls burst and their brains ran like cooked jelly into the flames? The truth was never discovered, as the bodies of the two missing men were never found.

NORTHWARD to New Mexico moved Victorio. In early January he was high in the San Mateo Mountains after standing off his old foe, the 9th Cavalry, in a scrap near the Puerco River. Now, on January 17, the 9th hit him again and once more he drove them off and moved deeper into the mountains.

For nearly three months the soldiers lost contact with Victorio. They trailed him relentlessly but fruitlessly all that time, while the elusive raiders spread terror, death and destruction on every hand. In that three-month period, Victorio's far-ranging warriors killed more than a hundred whites. Many others simply disappeared, never to be heard from again, but almost certainly the victims of Apache savagery.

The 9th Cavalry finally tracked Victorio to a hideout in the San Andreas Mountains, but again the results were the same. The sharpshooting Indians, posted high on the rugged peaks in a virtually impregnable position, stood off the floundering troopers with contemptuous ease. During the night Victorio slipped away toward the Mescalero reservation to the east. The frustrated cavalry gave up the hunt.

Reinforced by nearly a hundred Mescalero braves, Victorio moved below the border for a brief breathing spell before returning to the war path in the United States. He was back in Texas in late July, where he attacked a stagecoach in Quitman Canyon, killing its driver and a passenger.

The stage was now set for the final act in the continuing drama of Victorio. An agreement was made between General Ord, commanding the Department of Texas, and General Trevino, commanding the Mexican troops in northern Chihuahua, to work together in running down the Apache raiders. Two thousand U. S. troops and an equal number of Mexican soldiers took the field against Victorio's 180 braves. The Mexican force waited below the border for the Americans to drive the Apaches south into their hands.

A hard engagement was fought between Victorio and the troops near Fort Quitman, and the Apaches retreated toward the Rio Grande after a four-hour fight in which seven warriors were killed and several wounded. The raiders crossed the river under cover of night.

Finding Old Mexico too hot for him, with hundreds of soldiers on the prowl, Victorio was back in U.S. territory in four days. The noose was tightening about him now; he had but little time left. But while he lived he would fight —there would be no surrender for Victorio. Beating off one detachment of soldiers on the way, he headed for Rattlesnake Springs in the Van Horn Mountains.

When the hunted Apaches reached the Springs, they found two troops of cavalry under Captain Viele awaiting them. Barely had they engaged Viele's men when Colonel Grierson arrived with his command. Victorio fought clear of the soldiers and fled toward Bowen's Springs in the Guadalupes. Here, again, he found soldiers guarding the water hole. The Apaches turned toward the Sacramento Mountains and ran smack into a third cavalry force, under Captain Lebo. Running and fighting and turning to run again, the Apaches got clear away.

Modern day Apache mother and child. She is typical of the women who endured incredible hardship to live—and often die—with their men in the grim days when war ravaged the Apache Nation.

U.S. territory was untenable for Victorio now. Regretfully he left his homeland forever and led his band back into Mexico for the last time.

Southward to the Tres Castillos Mountains of northern Chihuahua fled the fugitives. Here, high in the mountains, the Apaches went to earth in caves like wild animals. Two months they rested, seemingly safe from pursuit. In November, they grew bold enough to raid again. A war party of young braves swept northward while a smaller band struck deeper into Mexico. Victorio, aging fast at sixty, remained in the mountain hideout with the women and children and older warriors.

UNKNOWN to the Apaches, the location of their hideout had been suspected. Colonel Joaquin Terrazas at Chihuahua, working with Tarahumari Indian scouts, American cavalry and Chiricahua Apache scouts, discovered Victorio's trail and followed it in the direction of the Tres Castillos. Near the mountains, the Mexican commander courteously but firmly requested the Americans to take their Apache scouts and return north of the border while he finished up the job himself. Colonel Baylor, the American C.O., protested vainly. Angrily, the American rode north and recrossed the border.

Glory hunter Terrazas, seeking full credit for hunting down the "old Apache wolf" as he called Victorio, closed in for the kill. His Tarahumari scouts led him unerringly to a deep basin in the Castillos where the Apaches were camped. Entering the basin cautiously through a box canyon, the Mexican commander sent scouts forward. The Indians returned with the news that the Apaches had left. Mirror flashes from the scouts posted on the peaks now warned Colonel Terrazas that movement of some sort had been sighted in the distance. Terrazas climbed to a lookout point and leveled his field glasses at a large cloud of dust approaching across the plain. Presently he made out scores of Apaches behind the dust cloud.

Everything favored the success of the Mexican ambush. Victorio, fatigued from hard travel, sensed no danger. Sagging on his gaunt pony, the old chief led his people—now composed mostly of old men, women and children—through the box canyon into the green and beautiful valley that had been their home and sanctuary after many a bloody raid. He had no suspcion of danger until the rifles of the hidden Mexicans and Tarahumari scouts blasted out from the wooded sides of the valley.

The results could have been different had not Victorio's best warriors been away on a raid. Trapped as he was, the old wolf might have cut his way out if his fierce young men had been with him. But his braves were far away, and with fatalistic calm the Mimbreno chief prepared to die. Coolly, in the blaze of battle, he placed his veteran warriors behind scattered rocks so that they might sell their lives dearly. All afternoon and all night the fight continued, with the moonless dark of the valley after sundown eerily illuminated by the orange-red flashes of the guns. At dawn the few

(Continued on following page)

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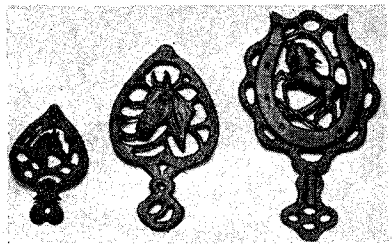

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Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)

Apaches remaining alive were still shooting back, though their ammunition was almost gone. Presently their fire stopped.

Terrazas was puzzled. Was it a trick—was the crafty old wolf waiting for him to charge? Terrazas hesitated to move forward, so great was his respect for Victorio. Finally he sent his Indian scouts creeping forward to reconnoiter before he ordered a general advance.

Inching ahead with the scouts was the famed Tarahumari sharpshooter Mauricio—the best rifle shot in Terrazas' command. All during the daylight fighting the squat, beady-eyed scout had waited patiently for a clean shot at Victorio—waited in vain. Now, at last, luck was with him. Through the drifting powder smoke he caught a glimpse of the old chief directing his few remaining braves to new positions among the rocks to meet the last charge of the enemy. The scout's fine new Winchester drew down in a careful bead on Victorio's breast; his finger squeezed the trigger. Drilled dead center through the heart, the great Mimbreno leader was dead before his face smashed into the ground.

At Mauricio's shrill whoop of triumph, Terrazas ordered the charge. It was quickly over; the half-dozen warriors ringing the body of their chief died silently upon the gory bayonets of the troopers with never a plea for mercy escaping their tight-pressed lips. Women and children were pulled out of holes in the rocks and slaughtered. The saga of Victorio was finished.

AFTER Victorio's death in battle, the Apaches south of the border split up into small, roving bands, each led by a noted warrior or subchief. Most remarkable of these new leaders was Nana. Long ago he had been a brave under Mangas Colorado; with Victorio he had been a subchief. Eighty years old, virtually crippled with rheumatism, no stranger leader of fighting men has ever appeared on the North American continent. Fired to superhuman efforts by seething hatred of the white man, this incredible ancient warrior gathered around him fifteen braves as fanatic in their hatred of the whites as himself and struck northward, in July of 1881, into New Mexico. Twenty-five Mescaleros joined him as soon as he crossed the line.

Through the rolling New Mexico ranch country drifted the Apaches like vengeful ghosts, intent upon but one thing—to kill as many white men as they could before they themselves were killed. Unlike the wise Victorio, old Nana had no plan beyond the slaughter of all his enemies. Also unlike Victorio, he showed no mercy to the helpless sheepherders and small ranchers in his path. Murdering and burning indiscriminately, the Apaches headed for the Alamos Canyon and the wild mountain country they knew so well. Nana advertised his arrival in the mountains by ambushing a pack train belonging to the 9th Cavalry, wounding the chief packer and capturing three mules.

The old chief fled toward the San Andreas Mountains, once a favorite camping spot of the dead Victorio. Driving him hard, the cavalry caught up with Nana in the San Andreas on July 25. Or rather, they *thought* they had caught up with him. Attacking a *rancheria*, the troops wounded two braves and captured fourteen horses—but Nana had vanished. Turning south, the Apaches crossed the Rio Grande into Old Mexico, killing several miners and a Mexican herder on the way.

Nana next appeared in the San Mateo Mountains, where he harried the ranches in the foothills with a series of lightning raids. The angry ranchers gathered a posse of thirty-six men and chased the Apaches into Red Canyon, following their broad trail with ease. Well into the canyon, the posse was amazed to discover that the broad trail had disappeared. The Indians had scattered, fading into the rocky fastnesses of the mountains without leaving a trace.

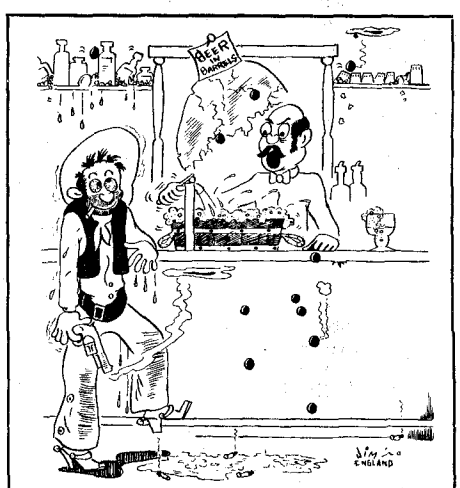
It was noon of August 1, and the cowboys were hungry. They unsaddled their horses and turned them loose to graze. One man guarded the horses, while his mates sat down to eat dinner. They had barely taken the first bites of jerky and hardtack when the Apaches galloped whooping out of a side canyon, waving their blankets and firing their rifles. The horses stampeded at once, leaving the white men afoot. The whole wild mixup was over within two minutes. Eight cowboys were down—one dead, seven wounded. The Apaches had vanished as quickly as they had appeared. The posse hiked out of the mountains, carrying their wounded on litters improvised from saddle blankets. Not an Indian was seen on their long walk back to the ranches.

The hard-driving cavalry was next to trade shots with Nana. Lieutenant Guilfoyle's troop overtook the Apaches at Santa Monica Springs in the San Mateos. There wasn't much of a fight, since the soldiers had time to fire only two volleys before the Indians disappeared "like smoke" as Guilfoyle reported. Two Indians were wounded in this brief clash, but both escaped.

There were now eight troops of cavalry, eight companies of infantry, and two companies of Indian scouts hunting Nana and his handful of braves. Incredibly, the raiders rode away from all of them, ruthlessly wearing out their horses en route and replacing them by stealing fresh mounts from outlying ranches.

It was fantastic to think that a half-crippled old Indian and twenty or thirty warriors could elude and eventually outdistance this powerful force of pursuers, but that is exactly what happened. Unimpeded with packs or rations, living

(Continued on page 35)



"This is your last one, cowpoke! You've drank too much already!"

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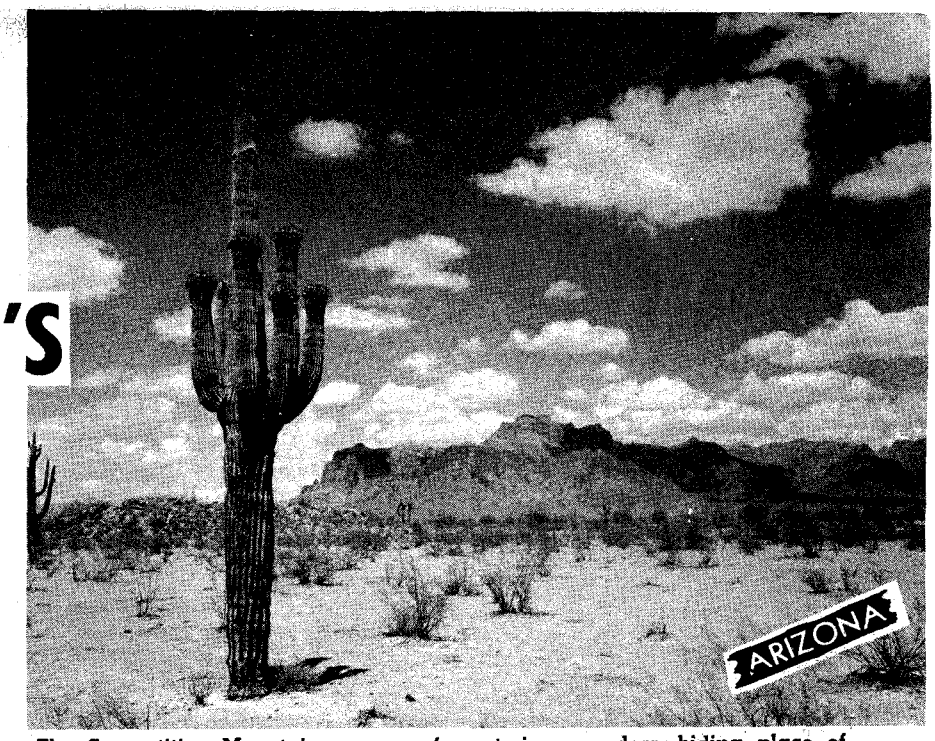
MYSTERY OF THE DUTCHMAN'S LOST MINE—

What Our Readers Think



The Superstition Mountains; scene of mysterious murders, hiding place of untold treasure.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In an article of this nature, compiled of a cross-section of reader opinion as derived from letters, it is desirable to show as many facets of opinion as possible. From a bit of new information here, a new theory there, a composite picture of the whole may be formed—a picture which may conceivably lead to the solving of the murders of Superstition Mountain and even to the discovery of the Mine itself. In any case, publishing these letters can do no harm and may do some good. They make fascinating reading—of that we are sure!

Call to the People of Arizona

Dear Editor:

I read in the August issue of TRUE WEST, Barney Barnard's story of The Dutchman's Lost Mine. I'd like to put in my 25c worth on this intriguing mystery.

Since 1931 and probably before, prospectors have been going into the Superstitions to search for the Mine and failing to come out alive. The mystery of their murders is never solved.

There has to be a motive for all these murders. Without a map I can't say how close the Superstitions are to the San Carlos Apache Reservation, but it sure looks suspicious for the Indians. I'd say one generation of Apaches hand the secret of the gold on to the next—and each generation puts guards in the area to knock off people who get nosy. If this isn't the case, then the killer is some native white man. It is obvious that the killer or killers live very close to this area. I wonder sometimes if the local law officers really give a damn about catching them! Why don't the people of Arizona demand or force action in this grave matter?

A large group of armed men could move in as a unit and hunt both killers and Mine at the same time. If they find the Mine, the gold should be given to the Apache people as a whole. Any person with an ounce of honesty knows that we have robbed the Apaches and all other Indians to an extent that is a disgrace to human decency. For this reason I can't wholly blame the Apaches if they are the guilty ones. However, these savage murders must be stopped, no matter who is responsible.

Frankly, it's high time that the decent people of Arizona called a halt to this barbaric situation. The verdict returned in the case of Dr. Burns' death is a disgrace. Let's issue a call for decent folks to get together, go into the Superstitions to find this gold, restore justice and put an end to these brutal murders. If I lived in Arizona, I'd volunteer to go on such an expedition. That gold, if it exists, isn't doing anybody any good where it is. Let's go find it and turn it to useful purposes.—Ben R. Burnham, Box 252, Alamosa, Colorado.

Rules out the Apaches

Greetings, Editor:

Your story on the Walzer Mine was very interesting, although one minor point may be wrong. In the February, 1954, issue of *Desert*, Herman Petrasch stated that he never did know Walzer. His brother Reinhardt did bury Walzer late in 1891. Later the brothers hunted the Mine for a short time only. Herman then went to work for E. A. Reavis.

As to who is killing these prospectors, here are my theories:

1. I believe we can rule out the Indians at this late date.

2. We can also rule out anyone hiding permanently in the mountains. Gossip being what it is, the killer's periodic appearances in nearby towns for supplies would be fatal to secrecy.

3. The only plausible explanation is this: One of the old, hard-bitten local men has been hunting this treasure all his life. He is without conscience, and feels that if anyone has a right to the gold, he is first on the list and intends to remain there. His mind has been warped by his failure to find the treasure and the thought of a newcomer stumbling upon it. This man must live close to the mountains, and have a legitimate reason for being seen in the area. He must also have a reasonable excuse for being absent from his home whenever anyone is killed. The only way such a diabolically clever murderer will ever be caught is by scientific means—such as obtaining a bullet from the body of one of his victims for ballistics tests.—Red Stevens, 1109 Avenue B, Del Rio, Texas.

Right Back to the Apaches Again!

Gentlemen:

Perhaps the following story will be of help in clearing up the mystery of the murders connected with the Dutchman's Lost Mine.

In September, 1954, my brother-in-law and I were doing a little treasure hunting in the Guadalupes near Carlsbad. Upon our return home, my brother-in-law's wife told us she had been talking to a citrus fruit vendor, and during the course of the conversation, learned that he was from a town close to the Superstition Mountains. The vendor stated that he had looked for the Mine a few times himself. One day, he and a couple of friends were moving along one of the trails in the Superstitions near West Boulder Canyon when they were stopped by two mounted Indians carrying rifles. The Indians warned them to go away from the locality and never come back. They left out fast and never went back!

The vendor will be back in Carlsbad again this fall and if it is possible I will try to speak to him myself and learn a little more of the story.—William J. Black, 610-A Culpepper Circle, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

"Leading Citizen" the Killer?

Dear Fred:

First off, let me say that I enjoy TRUE WEST more every time I receive

(Continued on following page)

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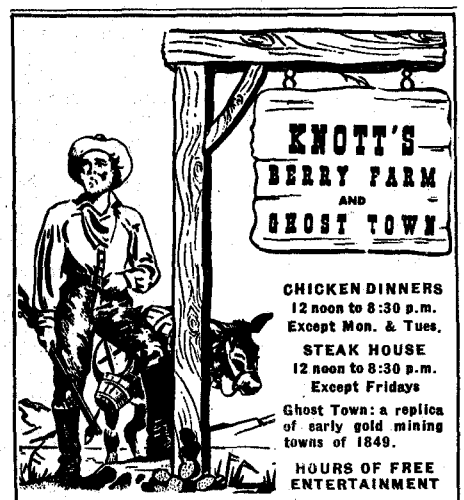

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Mystery of the Dutchman's Lost Mine

(Continued from preceding page)

a copy. My only gripe is that it doesn't come around fast enough.

Since I am one of the many who are interested in lost mines and buried treasure, I thoroughly enjoyed Barney Barnard's article, "The Truth About the Dutchman's Lost Mine" in your August issue of TRUE WEST. It was quite a coincidence that the day after I received the mag, a man with whom I have been corresponding on the subject of lost mines came to visit me. We hashed and re-hashed The Dutchman's Lost Mine, and in general had a swell bull session.

Fred, with respect to the question of who may be committing the murders in the Superstition Mountains, it could be one or more persons from any walk of life. While it is a known fact that the Indians have never approved of the white men taking gold from their mountains, I rather think that those who point an accusing finger at the Indians are merely passing the buck because it is easy to do and many folks will believe that theory. It would seem to me that had anyone found The Dutchman's Lost Mine, that person would have filed claim in order to enjoy legal protection of his find. No, it is pretty safe to say that the Mine has not been found.

Personally, I am inclined to believe that the murders are either the work of a "crackpot" or committed by someone who is in a position to know when an attempt is being made to locate the Mine and ruthlessly kills the searchers. Actually, some "leading citizen" of the locality could easily be the killer. I feel that a good peace officer, capable of leading men, should be able to catch or kill the killer of the Superstitions, no matter how deadly he may be. The use of steel helmets, bulletproof jackets and other safety precautions would be more practical than the usual attire worn by prospectors and lawmen. Periodical observation of the posse by airborne officers would be an additional safety precaution. The use of a helicopter would also be useful in keeping the posse supplied with water.

Perhaps the ideas I have expounded here wouldn't be worth trying out, but I can never go along with the idea that the killer or killers can't be caught. That's negative thinking and unworthy of red-blooded American men. Let's clean up this nasty mess in the Superstitions once and for all!—Jerry Jones, 14 6th St., Carrollton, Illinois.

Good Question!

To the Editor of TRUE WEST:

I have just one question to ask in this strange Mystery of The Dutchman's Lost Mine and all the killings that have taken place over it:

If The Dutchman's Lost Mine is located on a National Forest Reserve, why hasn't the Department of Justice done anything to catch the killers? I have always believed the U. S. Government did not like having citizens knocked off on Government property. How about this?—A. L. Lewis, Box 1856, San Francisco, Calif.

Another Angle

Dear Editor:

In the August issue of TRUE WEST, you asked for opinions on the murders being committed in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. I am not a detective nor a spiritualistic medium, yet I may be qualified to express an opinion, as I have spent the last eight years of my life in the study of lost mines and buried treasures in our great Southwest.

Starting with Ruth's murder (which may not have been the first one) a period of twenty-five years has elapsed since these killings began. If one man is responsible, he must be getting pretty well along in years. If the Indians are the guilty ones, then they are the holders of the biggest grudge in history. I believe all the murders are the work of one man, a very durable, experienced, and clever mountain man. His method of operation could be compared with that of the Indians, in that he is extremely careful not to leave clues or give warning. I would bet that this man has the location of the Mine pinned down to within perhaps a 300-yard square. He undoubtedly has the map Ruth is supposed to have carried, plus whatever notes or inside information Cavey or any of the others may have had. I believe that the killings are not being done to keep searchers away, but rather for the purpose that "maybe this one has the final clue I'm looking for." This clever murderer knows what canyon or hill, but not exactly what rock hides the fortune. To find that one all-important clue, he goes on killing. And there, I believe, you have the reason for the Superstition Mountain murders.

I hope this helps out a little in solving this grim yet fascinating mystery. Incidentally, I would like very much to correspond with other students and fans of lost mines and treasures for the purpose of exchanging ideas.—G. A. Earnest, Keenesburg, Colorado.

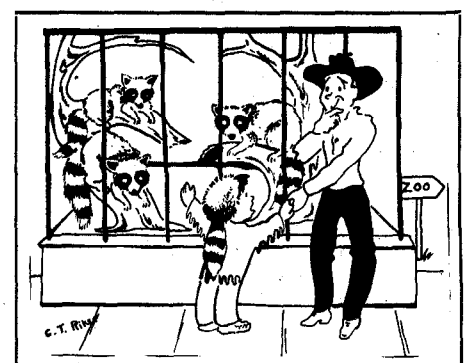
More Questions That Need Answering

Dear Joe and Fred:

After reading the August issue, I'm happy over the fact that somebody had the guts to write some truth about The Dutchman's Lost Mine. Most of the yarns I've read about the Dutchman and his Mine came out of the "Wild Blue Yonder."

The thing that makes me so damn mad is the fact that so many good, honest citizens have been murdered simply because they dared to look for this hidden gold. I ask the Government, the authorities of the State of Arizona, and the readers of TRUE WEST, why must these murders continue year after year? Who is responsible for these brutal killings? Does anyone actually believe that

(Continued on page 37)



"Daddy, Daddy! Look at all the little animals made out of Davy Crockett hats!"

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EARLY DAY COW HOSSES

An old-time cowhand rares up to defend the good hosses he rode in his youth.

By GEORGE PHILLIPS

Arizona's Foothill Filosopher

SEEMS to be the fashion, nowadays, for some smart-aleck writers to belittle old-time Western cow hands and cow hosses. None of these gents ever straddled a rope hoss or dropped a loop on an ornery cow critter; yet they allow as how they know everything there IS to know about the old West. I don't give a whoop in hell what they say about us old mossy-horn riders, but when they start to runnin' down good hosses that can't talk back . . . well, *amigos*, that's when ol' George goes on the prod!

Regardless of what present-day scribblers think, we old-timers DID have some mighty good hosses. Cuttin' hosses, drive hosses, rope hosses, night hosses . . . boys, I could go on and on. I can remember in the late 70's and early 80's we had some hosses that would make a rider's heart bust with pride. My father, for example, bought two mares four and five years old. They weren't racers nor cuttin' hosses—just plumb good saddle stock. Each stood about 16 hands high, and handsomer animals you'd never hope to find. The best mare father bred to a registered Morgan stallion—at least 'twas *said* he was registered.

The get was a blood bay hoss colt, and if there was any defect about him we never could find it. At four years old he stood 16 hands high and had a running walk that carried a rider over the ground smooth as grease. Hosses at that time were worth just so much a dozen. Every hoss lover wanted that hoss, and my brother who owned him finally allowed a doctor to talk him into selling him. $125 was the price set, and the deal was made in less time than it takes me to tell it.

That same mare was bred to a registered Kentucky jack and the resulting mule colt was the best I ever saw, and I've seen several. That was in the old longhorn days, but a few smart ranchers had already brought in registered jacks and bulls as well as registered cuttin' hosses.

No one will deny that we have A-1 cuttin' hosses today, thoroughbreds and other breeds. But are they as good as our old-time cuttin' hosses? I would like to believe so, but it is impossible. I will mention two mounts to begin with, and I don't think anyone would be ignorant enough to start an argument. No one knew what their breeding was and cared less. A black and a dun, weighed about 850 pounds each. Short-coupled, close-made, small heads and wide between the eyes. Might have had some Arab blood in 'em—I dunno.

Those ponies did not know what it was to go on the drive—they were just used to cut cattle. About nine months of the year they had their morsels of grain twice a day. The boss rode one one day and the other the next, and they carried on for about 20 years. If the old saying is true that "practice makes perfect," the present day cuttin' hosses haven't a chance to measure up to those two. And they were just two cuttin' hosses out of hundreds and hundreds in the big Southwest.

THEN there were our drive hosses. You don't hear much about early-day drive hosses in these modern times. Many of the drives were long ones, maybe a 30 or 35 mile run. The drive leader would start out at a fast trot, and drop off a man here and another yonder, and the farther he went the faster they'd ride. Some of the cattle from yesterday's roundup would be mixed up in today's drive, and they'd be hell-bent to go to yesterday's roundup ground. That called for a hoss race, and by the time the roundup was throwed together some of those hosses had covered 30 or 40 miles at anywhere from a swift lope to a tight run. Can any of our hosses today stand such runs? No way of telling, but — personally — I doubt it. "Practice makes perfect."

These same rock-bottomed drive hosses would have to keep up with their band when they started in to water 20 to 25 miles away, or when the cowboys started a hoss work. For a colt that couldn't keep up 'twas just too bad. Sometimes that old stud hoss band leader would whirl back and kill the weaklings.

The rope hoss was quiet and unexcitable, plumb full of good sense. He would enter a bunch of cows and calves and just creep along without spookin' a single critter. With a deft flip of the wrist, the rider would have his loop around a calf's neck—and then the rope hoss would be off in a trot to the branding fire. I've heard some folks remark in late years, "Why does the calf roper go into a trot or gallop with the poor little calf on the end of the rope?" They don't realize that if the roper started with his calf to the fire in a walk that before he'd gone 20 steps the calf would be choking and dragging. By going in a trot or lope, the calf will start jumping —and before he knows it the flankers have got him.

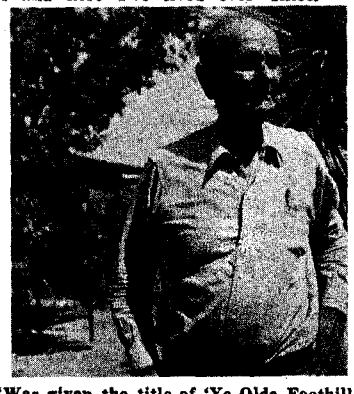
There were also the hosses used for heavy work. Big bulls about to be shipped had to be cut out of the herd to have their horns tipped for safety. (That was before we had corrals and chutes.) Usually three men on good hosses did this work. One would pile his loop on the bull's head, then another man would heel him. When they got him down, the third man would get his loop on the

(Continued on following page)

MEET GEORGE PHILLIPS, YOUNG OLD-TIMER

Pressed for some autobiographical data on his life, George Phillips, of Duncan, Arizona, came up with the following:

"I was born in Gonzales County, Texas, right after the Civil War in a log cabin. My mother was an invalid, so I was cared for by a Negro mammy. All told, I got 4 terms of schooling at 3 months per session. As a kid, I saw great herds of longhorns passing, with cowboys wearing six-shooters tending 'em. To be a wild cowboy was my heart's desire—and I made my dream come true. Cowboyed on the Long Trail to Kansas and along the Rio Grande where there wasn't much law. Was acquainted with Judge Roy Bean of "Law West of the Pecos." Got sorter civilized after a spell and located in the Silver City area of New Mexico. In 1914 established a post office; served 10 years as Justice of the Peace. Later I served 4 years as U.S. Land Commissioner for New Mexico, appointed by Judge Pope. Moved to Duncan, Arizona, in 1923 and here I've lived ever since.



"Was given the title of 'Ye Olde Foothill Filosopher' by an editor who came from Canada. Have been associated with saloon men, outlaws, and newspaper men for over 40 years. Never been arrested (should have been), never paid a fine, never had a case in court, never been a witness in a criminal case, and have squatted on juries till my tail got blistered and I dang near starved to death!"

To the above breezy comment, we will add the following: About 25 years ago, George made the happy discovery that magazine and newspaper editors would actually pay cash for what he modestly calls "my chaff." Other and more discerning critics have called George Phillips' engaging, homely humor and commonsense "flosofy" as refreshing as a drink of cool water to a man lost on the desert.

Over the quarter-century of his literary career, George has written for a vast variety of cow country magazines and newspapers, including HOOFS AND HORNS, WESTERN LIVESTOCK JOURNAL, ARIZONA STOCKMAN, ARIZONA CATTLELOG, etc. He has also sold material to the big outdoor national monthly, FIELD AND STREAM. In fact, George frankly admits that he can't remember half the magazines and newspapers he's written "chaff" for. We, at TRUE WEST, just discovered old George a short while ago, but we aim to make up for lost time by keeping him batting out cow country pieces for years to come. Now 84, George complains that he's "feelin' poorly" and "don't expect to do much writing from here on in." We're not swallowing that statement, we're going to change George's mind or break his stubborn old neck for him! After you read his stuff, authentic old-time Western to the last period, we think you'll understand why.

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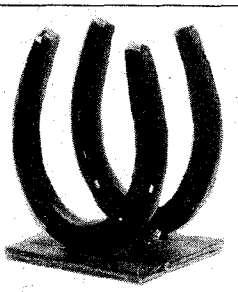

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Early Day Cow Hosses

(Continued from preceding page)

brute's forefeet. When the feller with the hacksaw tipped the horns on the upside, the man who had his rope on the forefeet would jump his hoss over the bull's middle and turn him over. Then the man on the ground would slip the rope off the bull's head, then snatch it off the forefeet and make a run for his hoss. You see, Mr. Bull was always fightin' mad when he got up!

Last of all, there were the night hosses—and a book could be written about those hosses and not do them justice. The night hoss was gentle, sure-footed, and could see in the dark. Believe it or not, some of those hosses could see or *feel* what was going on 100 yards away when their riders couldn't see a hand held before them. Maybe a bunch of cattle would be stringing out from the herd. You wouldn't know it, couldn't see them nor hear them. Suddenly you'd feel your pony gather himself, and away you'd go. He wouldn't stop nor check up till he had the last cow brute turned and on its way back into the herd.

Yes, gents, practice makes perfect IF you've got a foundation to build on and a lot of good solid hoss sense to carry you along the way. Men and hosses had guts and savvy back in the old days—and we could do with more of both today.

———o———

Hickok, the Hero

(Continued from page 13)

hand breast high. The gun slicks were on the hotel porch. As they stiffened into a gunman's crouch for a quick draw, they shouted to Hickok to get off and draw. Hickok told them they weren't worth dismounting for, and they could draw any time they wanted to. When the gun slicks reached for their guns, Hickok unmasked the pepperbox revolver he was palming in his right hand, and killed them both before they could get their Colts into action.

In 1870, the Seventh Cavalry was stationed in Hays City. Several troopers got drunk in Paddy Welch's saloon, and became disorderly, so Paddy sent for Marshal Hickok. Hickok arrived, brandishing his ivory-handled Colts, and soon made himself unpopular with the soldiers. A sergeant challenged Hickok to a fist-fight. Hickok handed his revolvers to Paddy, and went into the street and took on the sergeant. He was beating the tar out of the sergeant, when the soldiers fell on him with clubs and fists. They had Hickok on his back, when Paddy ran out, holding Hickok's revolvers by the barrels, and placed the weapons in Hickok's hands. Hickok shot and killed one of the soldiers, and the others dispersed. However, fifteen of them got their pistols and returned for a showdown. Everyone blazed away, and Hickok shot and killed all the soldiers except one whom he wounded, but he received seven wounds himself. Despite his wounds, Hickok managed to leave town, and hide in a buffalo wallow. General Sheridan sent his troopers out with orders to take Hickok dead or alive, but they failed to find him. Hickok's version of the fight is identical with the facts except that the number of soldiers that returned to fight was four instead of fifteen.

After recovering from his wounds, Hickok became a buffalo hunter in the Nations (Oklahoma), and he told Wyatt Earp that he made thirty thousand dollars in the 1870-71 hunting season; thirty thousand dollars would have meant killing between six and fifteen thousand buffalo, with hides bringing from two to five dollars per pelt, and the figure would be gross. The earnings or gross divided in two shares: the hunter received one half, from which he paid all expenses, and the wagon drivers, skinners, and the cook divided the other half for their wages. Therefore, if Hickok had a share of thirty thousand dollars before expenses that meant increasing the kill to between twelve and thirty thousand buffalo.

Hickok was spending the summer of 1871 at Market Square in Kansas City, since buffalo hides were of low quality during the hot months, when he was offered the position of town marshal of Abilene. The opening had been brought about by the killing of Abilene's marshal, Bear River Tom Smith, by nesters. Abilene was on the Union Pacific Railroad and, at that time, the chief railhead for Texas cattle. Cowboys received from three months to a year's pay in Abilene, when the ranchers sold their trail herds, so the saloons, gambling halls, and houses of prostitution ran twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, to prevent any of the money returning to Texas. It was a tough town and, today, the names of Hickok and Abilene are linked together. However, Hickok killed only two men while he wore the marshal's badge in Abilene, despite his overworked threat to turn the town into the biggest slaughterhouse in Kansas.

THE killings took place in October, 1871. The first victim was Phil Coe, the bare-knuckles champion of the cattle trails. Coe and his friends were planning to return to Texas the next morning, so they were doing the town. They were well under the influence of liquor and quite noisy. Meeting a poorly dressed man, they stripped him naked in the street and took him to a near-by haberdasher's, where they clothed him at their expense. Then they forced the dry-goods merchant, at gun point, into the nearest saloon and ordered him to set up a round for everyone in the place. Later, in front of the Alamo Saloon, Coe, or someone in his party, shot a dog.

Hickok was drinking at the bar in the Alamo, and he darted through the swinging doors to demand what the shooting was about. Coe told him he had shot an ugly dog, so Hickok told him not to discharge his pistol again within the town limits. According to the Texas version, Coe holstered his gun, and, after some jaw with Hickok, turned to leave; whereupon, Hickok whipped a pair of derringers out of his coat pockets and shot the giant Texan in the back.

After firing, Hickok jumped back into the Alamo, and hearing footsteps running up behind him, turned and fired, killing his deputy, Mike Williams, who evidently heard the shooting and was rushing to Hickok's assistance.

The most amusing incident in which Hickok was involved, while serving as marshal of Abilene, took place in Ellsworth, Kansas. Except for the turbulent summer of 1873, when Ellsworth was cow capital of Kansas, the town was a quiet trading center for surrounding ranchers and homesteaders, and quite

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put out about their one house of prostitution. One night, a group of Ellsworth's founding fathers were getting drunk in a local saloon and deploring the evil effects of their miniature red-light district. After a few more rounds, they decided to tar and feather the prostitutes, and burn down the house of ill-fame. They had one for the road, and began a torch-light procession to the house of easy virtue. Arriving at the house, the more sober beat with their fists on the door.

After some delay, the door swung open. What it disclosed was not the trembling form of the terror-stricken madam, but the manly bulk of James Butler Hickok. Against the white of his linen nightshirt, the mob saw a pair of leveled derringers.

"Get the hell out of here afore I turn this street into the biggest slaughter-house in Kansas!" bawled Hickok.

The mob gasped, sobered up, and took to their heels, leaving Hickok in undisputed possession of Ellsworth's only house of prostitution.

AFTER the killing of Coe, Hickok ruled unchallenged in Abilene until the Thompson brothers, Ben and Bill, arrived with their faro game and set up for business at the Bull's Head Tavern & Gambling Saloon. The Thompson brothers had a rep of having killed fifty men between them, and had a habit of making their own law. Complaints of the goings-on at the Bull's Head reached Marshal Hickok, so the great man set out for the saloon to maintain the right. Hickok made a striking picture of manhood as he strode through the swinging doors of the Bull's Head. He was over six feet in height and around one-sixty in weight, with long hair and mustache, while his attire was correct with white shirt, polished badge, and dark broadcloth trousers pulled down over black, hand-tooled calfskin boots. But the portion of his costume that held the spectators bug-eyed was the brace of ivory-handled forty-fives at his hips.

The crowd flattened themselves against the walls or dived under the tables. Seconds later, Hickok faced Ben Thompson across the empty tables of the gambling hall. The eyes of the onlookers darted from the manly shape of Hickok to the bulky figure of Ben Thompson standing quietly behind a gaming table, with his arms at his sides but with his fingertips almost on the butts of his Colts. Those not overcome with fear grasped that here were the Southwest's two greatest gunfighters face to face, and their eyes shifted constantly from the stern face of Hickok to the cold blue eyes that looked warily from the bloated face of Ben Thompson. Deathly quiet descended on the Bull's Head.

"He said a discouraging word . . .!"

Hickok sensed that he held the center of the stage. Glaring at the overweight runt that was his opponent, he bawled, "If things don't quiet down here, and stay quiet, I'm going to turn Bull's Head into the biggest slaughterhouse in Kansas! As to this here faro bank—" Hickok paused, as out of the corner of his eye he saw Bill Thompson edging his way down one side wall. He grasped the fact that the Thompsons had him in a potential crossfire. Hickok's eyes flitted from Bill Thompson to Ben Thompson and back to Bill.

Ben Thompson's steady voice broke the stillness, as he demanded, "You goin' to draw, Hickok?"

The silence returned, as Hickok's eyes darted from Ben to Bill and back to Ben. He put his tongue out and licked the dry lips below the magnificent, chestnut mustache.

"Well?" snapped Ben Thompson.

Hickok took another look at Bill, then he slowly shook his head.

"Then go hunt your hole, Hickok. And, when you find it, pull it in after you!" roared Ben Thompson.

Hickok, his face white and drawn, turned and walked from the Bull's Head.

When the swinging doors closed on Hickok, the silence was broken by the babble of a hundred tongues, as each spectator, in order to convince himself, told his neighbor that Marshal Hickok had gone off and left his guts home.

After leaving the Bull's Head, Hickok had two courses open to him: he could organize a posse, return to the Bull's Head and shoot it out with the Thompsons, or leave town.

Hickok left town.

WILD BILL soon turned up in Kansas City, and maintained himself for several months as a gambler. There is a story that Hickok killed a "Bill Thompson" in Ellsworth, Kansas, and it could be possible that he did, but it wasn't Ben Thompson's brother Bill.

In 1873, the Texas ranchers were dissatisfied with the offering price when their trail herds reached Abilene. Due to summer heat, there was little grass around Abilene, so they drove their cattle westward along the railroad to Ellsworth to hold their herds for better prices on the grass around that town. This left Abilene practically a ghost town, so the Thompson brothers moved their faro bank to the Grand Central Hotel in Ellsworth. As usual, the Thompsons had things their own way.

August 18, 1873, was a sweltering day in Ellsworth. The heat combined with whiskey to turn Bill Thompson into a wild man, and he shot the sheriff in the breast with a sawed-off shotgun. Apparently somewhat sobered by his deed, Bill selected a likely-looking cowpony from the string of broncs tethered at the hitch-rack in front of the Grand Central and "borrowed" it.

After Bill rode out of town, Ben Thompson, with a sawed-off shotgun cradled in the crook of his arm and

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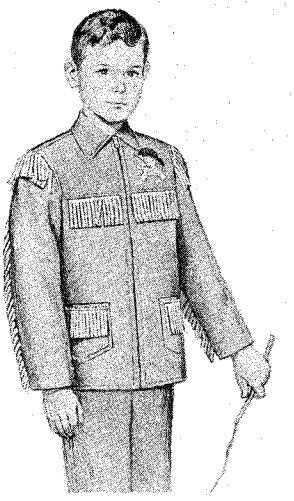

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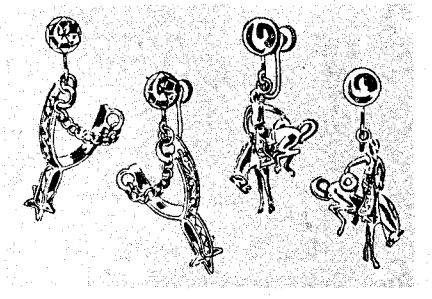

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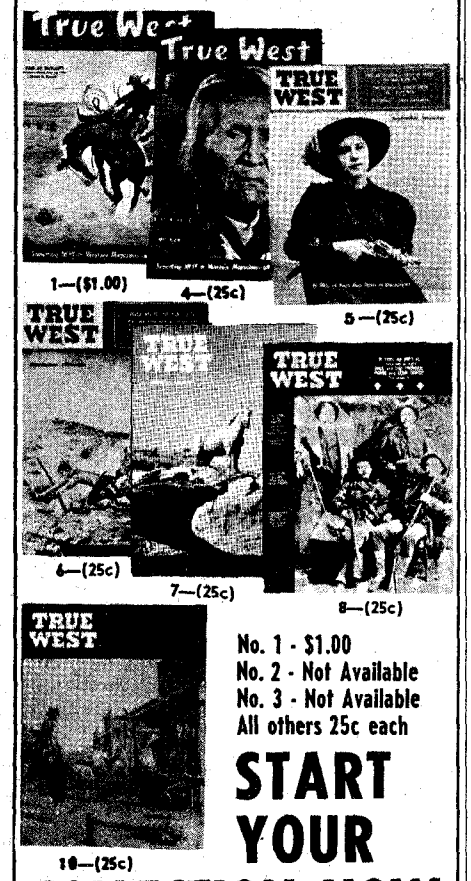

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Hickok, the Hero

(Continued from preceding page)

a Colt at each hip, marched up and down in front of the Grand Central daring the town's peace officers to come out and arrest him, and shouting profane insults at them. Both Thompsons had fought in the Confederate army and were favorites of the Texas men in town, so a crowd of armed Texans soon gathered in front of the Grand Central to back any play Ben Thompson might make.

When Mayor Miller heard the news, he rushed to Beebe's General Store, which was across the plaza from the Grand Central, and ordered Marshal Brocky Jack Norton and his deputy, who were hiding in the store, to go out and arrest Ben Thompson. They both refused.

"If I was marshal of this town," said a mustached, string-bean kid lounging near the front door, "I'd arrest Thompson or kill him!"

Mayor Miller grabbed the star from Norton's shirt, and yelled, "You're fired!" He turned and pinned the badge on the kid's shirt. "Now, you're marshal," he snapped. "Go to it!"

The kid, who was unarmed, went to Beebe's arms counter, and procured a pair of second-hand forty-fives with worn holsters. He buckled the guns on, pulled down the brim of his broad-brimmed hat, stepped through the door of the store, and with even strides he began to slant across the sun-scorched plaza.

WHEN the kid was about half way across the plaza, Ben Thompson's lips parted beneath his sweeping mustache. "What do you want?" he demanded.

"I want you!" said the kid without breaking stride.

The Texas men behind Thompson chuckled at the stupidity of the lamb about to be slaughtered, while back in Beebe's they were planning to give the kid a real good funeral.

When a few yards separated them, the kid ordered, "Throw your shotgun in the road!"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Thompson.

"Kill you, or take you to jail!"

Over a hundred men held their breath, while Thompson hesitated.

"Throw down your gun or fight!" barked the kid.

"You win!" said Ben Thompson, looking as foolish as a kid caught in a jam pot. He tossed the sawed-off shotgun into the road.

"Get back!" ordered the kid, waving his arm at the Texas men.

With surly grumbles, the men from Texas retreated a step.

Then the kid took Ben Thompson's Colts, and marched him across the plaza to Judge V. V. Osborne's court.

As the kid passed through the courthouse door, a bystander asked, "What's your name, kid?"

White teeth flashed beneath the mustache, as the kid replied, "Wyatt Earp."

Today, by far the most famous of the Southwest's old-time marshals are Wild Bill Hickok and Wyatt Earp, and since Ben Thompson was the only troublemaker with whom both men had to deal while serving as peace officers, he becomes the scales on which their courage and devotion to duty must be weighed. It is interesting to notice that Ben Thompson closed Hickok's career as a peace officer and launched Wyatt Earp on the road that led to the marshal's badge in Dodge City and Tombstone.

In 1876, Hickok toured the East in triumph as star of a troupe managed by the irrepressible Ned Buntline. Blood-red letters proclaimed that Hickok had killed thirty-six men and, to be fair, Hickok brought to the stage the greatest pistol-shooting exhibition ever seen. Despite disagreement on other points, historians agree that Hickok was one of the greatest pistol shots that ever lived; Wyatt Earp, who saw Hickok do target exhibitions in Kansas City in 1871, said Hickok was the greatest pistol shot he ever saw. Later, in 1876, Hickok left the Buntline troupe and joined the gold rush to the Black Hills.

On August 2, 1876, Hickok was in Lewis & Mann's Saloon, in Deadwood, South Dakota, playing poker with Captain Massey, a Missouri river pilot, Charley Rich and Cool Mann, one of the owners of the saloon. The game had been in progress for hours, when, around four o'clock in the afternoon, Jack McCall entered and walked toward the bar, apparently to buy a drink. In approaching the bar, he passed behind the stool on which Hickok was seated. When he was directly behind Hickok, McCall drew a Colt, held the muzzle a few inches from the back of Hickok's head, and fired. The bullet entered the base of the brain, passed through the head, came out the right cheekbone, and entered the arm of Captain Massey, who was seated opposite Hickok, breaking the bone.

So died the hero of Rock Creek!

He Outrobbed Them All!

(Continued from page 18)

asking that he be turned over to them for prosecution. But, in fact, Bentonville authorities had indicted him and kept the indictment alive through the years he was in prison and after he was pardoned.

The eastern half of Oklahoma was still Indian Territory, and Arkansas could not extradite him. But they kept an eye on him and waited. When Oklahoma became a state in 1907 and elected its first Governor, Starr became eligible for extradition, and the Bentonville authorities immediately applied for his custody.

Starr could have gone to the Governor and shown how for four years he had been going straight. Despite his long criminal record, he had been blessed with an exceptionally large following of sympathetic and influential friends and admirers, and a battery of lawyers who had won him reversals, dismissals, light sentences, and, finally, release from prison.

They probably would have prevented his extradition. But the lure of the old life was greater than Starr's desire for business success and respectability. Kid Wilson had returned on parole from prison, and Starr took to the hills to join him.

He didn't even wait to see whether the Governor would allow his extradition. The afternoon of March 19, 1908, he and Wilson entered the State Bank at Hoffman and took $900.

Posses from five counties trailed them north through Jenks, in the oil fields, to Keystone in the Bigheart mountains on the Cimarron. Other officers searched for them a few days later in the hills near Nowata and the Kansas line.

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HENRY and the Kid headed for California. They crossed western Kansas into Colorado. The little bank at Amity looked so easy it seemed a shame to pass it up. In the Colorado mountains, they split the loot and separated. No one ever saw Kid Wilson again.

Starr rode to Arizona. He thought he was safe there. He wrote a real estate man in Tulsa to dispose of his allotment and send him the money. He had known the man since childhood and trusted him. But somehow the Colorado authorities learned Starr's Arizona address. He was convicted for the Amity robbery and sentenced to twenty-five years.

At Canon City, Starr again was the model prisoner. He was made trusty in charge of a work gang. At nights he studied law, and officials declared he already knew enough to pass the bar. He swore he had had enough, and, in vindication of his past, wrote a book entitled "Thrilling Events, Life of Henry Starr."

He admitted his many lawless acts. But he blamed his start in outlawry on the "third degree" methods of deputy marshals who first had arrested him. He penned a bitter tirade against society and charged graft in the courts, especially in Arkansas.

He didn't mention the fact that he simply could not resist the call of easy money, nor buy fine clothes and jewelry and love women on a good citizen's wages from 1893.

He failed to convince a discerning public, but seemed adept at convincing those with powers of parole and pardon. On September 24, 1913, he was released by Colorado's governor, providing he never set foot in Oklahoma again.

Starr opened a short order restaurant at Holly. But people were afraid of him. They referred to him as "the badman from Oklahoma." Business faltered. Starr's infatuation with the wife of a local merchant complicated matters. She left her husband and child to live with Starr, and Starr left Colorado.

He went to Skiatook to see his son. But his wife had divorced him and taken the child. After that, Starr disappeared.

Colorado listed him as a parole violator. Arkansas still wanted him. Oklahoma officers sought him for bank robbery. But he had vanished completely.

In May, 1914, the first of the worst series of bank robberies in the Southwest occurred in Oklahoma. About two weeks apart, one country bank after another was entered by one or two disguised men, who held up the officials and took the money from vaults and counters.

OFFICERS were unable to get a single clue. Detective agencies whose specialty was bank protection threw up their hands in despair. Then someone mentioned Henry Starr.

"Henry Starr is behind it," they said.

But where was Starr? There were reports that he had returned to Arizona, gone to Nevada and California. He had not been seen in Oklahoma.

And still banks were being robbed. Between September 8, 1914, and January 13, 1915, thirteen more were held up. The Southwest was shocked. Insurance companies threatened to cancel bank policies, and the Oklahoma legislature moved to pass a hurriedly drawn bill appropriating $15,000 for the capture or death of bank robbers and safe blowers, and empowering the chief executive to place a price on the heads of bandits not to exceed $1000 in a single case. Governor R. L. Williams immediately issued a proclamation offering $1000 for the capture of Henry Starr, dead or alive.

The Osage hills provided ideal concealment for criminals of the state. It was impossible to round up a gang once it reached this wild country. It had been the hiding place for Starr years before, and posses and individual manhunters made long scouting trips into the area to collect the reward.

Meanwhile, Henry Starr relaxed in the heart of Tulsa in a pretty five-room bungalow with electric lights, hot and cold water, bath and telephone, and "Laura Williams," the woman for whom he had violated his parole from the Colorado prison.

At night they took regular joy rides over the paved streets of the city in a new five-passenger automobile Henry kept in a garage in the rear. They pat-

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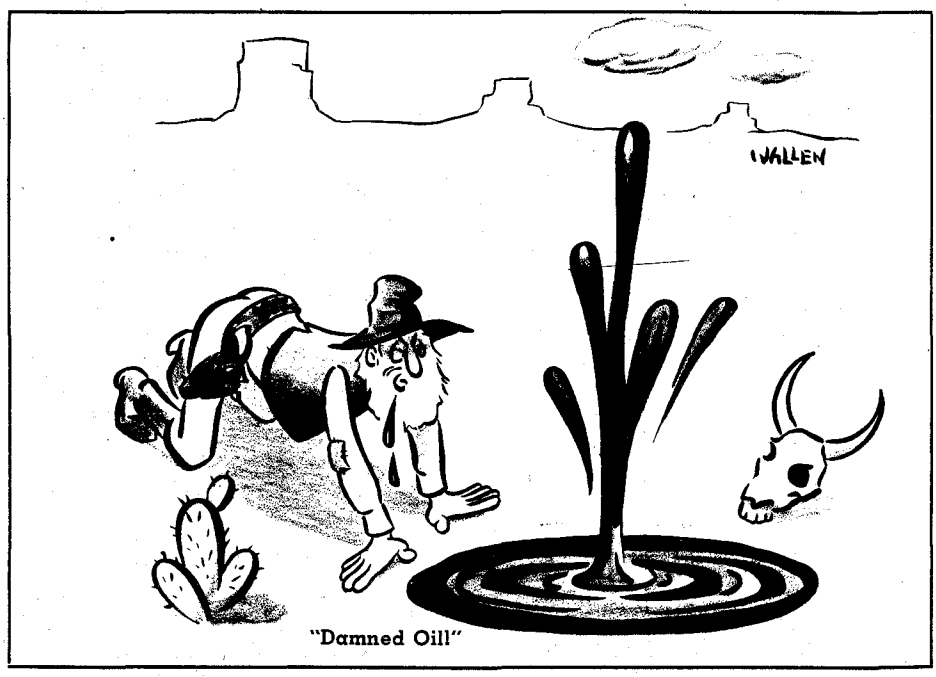

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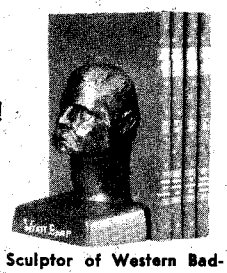

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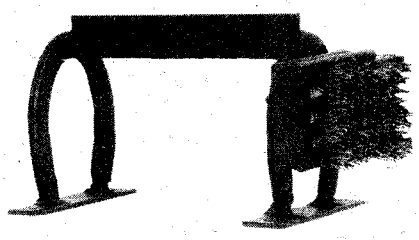

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He Outrobbed Them All!

(Continued from preceding page)

ronized the local motion picture houses where Henry saw enacted upon the silver screen reproductions of thrilling events suggestive of chapters in his own life.

He kept out of sight in the daytime, for just two doors from him lived the Sheriff of Tulsa County. Across the street was a church. Next door was one of the city's largest public schools. Every day hundreds of children played in the outlaw's back yard at recess.

Who would think of looking for him here?

Shortly after nine o'clock Saturday morning, March 27, 1915, seven men rode into Stroud, fourteen miles northeast of Chandler, seat of Lincoln County, and tied their horses south of the First National Bank. Three men went up the street a block east to the State Bank, and entered. Three others entered the First National. One watched the horses.

UNMASKED, with no arms in sight, they aroused no suspicion. Not until they were inside the banks did the town realize a double hold-up was in progress.

The bandits had entered the State Bank too early. The time lock could not be operated until 9:45 a.m. They took $1600 and a diamond stud from Banker Lee Patrick.

The trio in the First National were more successful, obtaining $4,322. Neither group had difficulty. The bank officials were completely surprised.

The three bandits left the side door of the State Bank, with the officials as hostages. They went around to the alley and came down to the First National. Here, they joined the second squad, who came from the First National. Marching the groups of officials and clerks ahead of them, they started for their horses.

At the first alarm, several citizens had armed themselves with shotguns and rifles. As they left the banks, the bandits began a promiscuous firing up and down the street to frighten them to cover. When they reached their horses and released their hostages, the citizens started after them.

The leader shoved Lee Patrick aside. "Let me take a shot at that son-of-a-bitch up the street," he snarled. He aimed at a man thrusting his head from behind a building.

Seventeen-year-old Paul Curry, whose father ran a grocery store, had been in the street when the bandits left the banks, herding their terrorized prisoners. Ducking inside, he grabbed a rifle, ran to the back of the store, and took a position behind some barrels. As the bandit leader aimed at the head up the street, Curry fired.

His bullet struck the bandit in the left thigh below the hip, shattering the legbone, and knocking him down. Curry threw another cartridge into the chamber. The wounded man tried to return his fire.

"Drop that gun, or I'll kill you!" shouted Curry.

The bandit tossed away his weapon. The rest of the gang were riding off, except one. His pockets loaded with silver coins, he had difficulty mounting his horse, excited by the rifle fire. Reaching the saddle, he started back to help his companion when he sighted young Curry with his Winchester.

He whirled as the youth fired. The bullet struck him in the neck, shattering his collarbone and left shoulder. As his horse reared, he toppled into the road unconscious, money scattering in every direction. The other five bandits escaped to the southeast in the blackjack timbered hills.

CITIZENS swarmed into the street around the wounded leader. "Who are you?" they demanded, then recognized the notorious bandit for whose capture Governor Williams had offered $1000 reward—Henry Starr.

In his clothing they found $1100 of the bank money and Lee Patrick's diamond stud. They carried him to a physician's office, and while his wound was being dressed, the second robber was brought in and identified as Lewis Estes of Neosho, Missouri. They were loaded aboard a Frisco express car to Chandler and lodged in the basement jail.

Hundreds of curious people flocked about the courthouse, hoping to get a glimpse of them, while doctors administered anodynes, set broken bones, and re-dressed ragged wounds. Only a slight huskiness in his deep voice betrayed his pain as Starr calmly answered the questions of officers. For the first time they learned of his Tulsa rendezvous with the woman who, for love of Starr, had left her husband and child in Colorado.

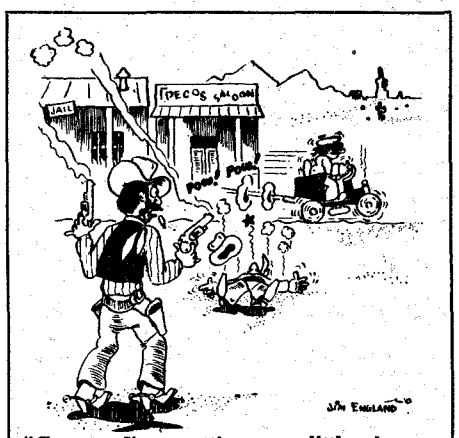
Asked about the robbery of various banks, he admitted a few. Asked to name his other companions in the Stroud robberies, Starr grinned. He made no answer, and Estes, who listened attentively, but had nothing to say, closed his eyes and pretended to sleep.

Both survived their wounds. They pleaded guilty to conjoint robbery. On August 20, Estes was sentenced to five years and Starr to twenty-five years at hard labor in the Oklahoma state penitentiary.

At Stroud, young Paul Curry collected the $1000 reward and hundreds of congratulatory telegrams and letters from prominent citizens throughout the Southwest. His remarkable coolness and courage in capturing the country's most extraordinary bandit was again exemplified when he won the Distinguished Service Decoration for bravery in action in France in 1918.

DURING these war years Henry Starr again showed his strange knack for getting out of prison. He won the confidence of penitentiary officials, lived up to the rules, and in April, 1919, Governor J. B. A. Robertson granted his parole as soon as the petition reached the statehouse.

"There's more money in the motion picture business than in robbing banks,"



"Guess I'm getting a little jumpy lately . . .!"

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Tulsa friends remarked to Starr after paying twenty-five cents to see May Young in *Sweet Sixteen*. "Ex-waitresses and soda jerkers are getting rich in the movie game at Los Angeles. It should be a cinch for a famous bandit."

Starr tackled the movies with vigor. A quickly formed company produced his crime-does-not-pay picture depicting the Stroud robbery and Henry's shooting and capture by a seventeen-year-old boy. He made considerable money out of this picture. He was the "Evening Starr" in two more films that immediately followed the first.

"You have a great opportunity," George Davis, a well-known producer, told Henry. "You get the same amount of thrills out of acting as in robbing banks, without any fear of a pinch."

Starr received a flattering offer from another California motion picture company to stage a bank robbery for one of their screen plays. The offer also included the statement that they could use him to plan other such robbery scenes for the screen, if successful.

Starr could plan them. In fact, it was believed that he had been planning some of his own right along ever since being paroled.

While making movies at Stroud, he made a trip to Chandler and, by strange coincidence, a Chandler bank was robbed. Later he went to Davenport and a Davenport bank was robbed.

On February 23, 1921, while considering the California offer, Henry entered the People's National Bank at Harrison, Arkansas, ordered Cashier W. J. Myers to put up his hands and step into the vault. A loaded shotgun stood inside the vault for just such an occasion. Myers seized it and shot Starr to death.

Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from page 26)

off the country like hawks, riding fifty to seventy miles a day as against the cavalry's top speed of about forty miles a day, Nana's small band escaped into Mexico after fighting a series of vicious skirmishes with three separate troops of the 9th Cavalry near the border.

Across the border, eighty-year-old Nana rode steadily at the head of his band until the sheltering mountains were reached. The ancient warrior and his braves had covered a thousand miles of enemy territory in less than two months, fought off hundreds of soldiers in eight sharp skirmishes during which he killed about forty men and wounded twice that number, rode a hundred horses to death and captured two hundred horses and mules to replace them. He had done all this at the age of eighty, and now he was tired and going home to his hideout to rest a while before hitting the war trail again.

NORTH of the border, the fighting continued in the usual Apache hit-and-run pattern. Nachite, handsome son of Cochise and grandson of Mangas Colorado, and the squat, powerful Chato, dropped silently down on the Chiricahua reservation at San Carlos and freed about sixty of their kinsmen held prisoner in the white man's "iron house." Fleeing south toward Mexico, the Apaches were hindered in their flight by the women and children accompanying them. Colonel G. A. Forsythe, veteran Indian fighter of the wars against the

(Continued on following page)

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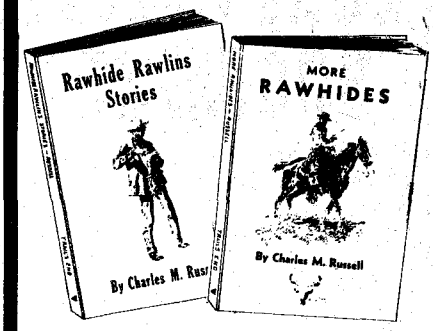

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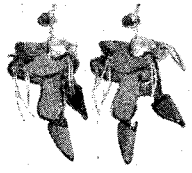

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Hawks of the Desert

(Continued from preceding page)

Sioux and Cheyennes, caught up with the fugitives at Horseshoe Canyon in the Stein's Peak Mountains.

First blood was drawn by the Apaches, who ambushed Lieutenant MacDonald's small force scouting far ahead of Forsythe's command. Four Yuma and Mojave scouts were killed, and MacDonald saved his own life and those of his remaining men by digging in on a rocky hill and sending back his lightest man on the best horse to find Forsythe. The Colonel came up just in time to save the dug-in troopers from being overrun by the Apaches.

Loco, a one-eyed war chief who once had followed Mangas Colorado, was now leading the Apaches. Loco had a tactical problem that might well have stumped a military genius—all he had to do was to cover the flight of his women and children, and then extricate his own men. Colonel Forsythe in his book *Thrilling Days of Army Life*, wryly admitted that the chief rose to the challenge with all the skill of a born tactician.

High on the cliffs bordering the gorge and on a rocky spur projecting into the canyon, Loco posted his seventy-five warriors. Their job was to hold back Forsythe's 400 troopers until the women and children got miles away toward the border. All day the fight raged, and when at dusk Forsythe gained control of the canyon, thirteen of the valiant defenders lay dead. All the others had faded away into the gathering darkness. Three troopers and four scouts were killed, eight wounded.

Colonel Forsythe followed swiftly, but there was no catching the Apaches now. They were in Mexico before the disgruntled troopers reached the border. Ignoring the non-intervention agreement then existing between the Governments of the United States and Mexico, Forsythe drove on across the border in pursuit.

Below the border, the fleeing Apaches ran into a deadly trap. Accustomed to brushing aside the usually inept Mexicans, the Indians were totally unprepared for the clever ambush laid for them by Colonel Lorenzo Garcia with 250 troopers of the 6th Mexican Infantry. Garcia's scouts brought him word of the approaching fugitives on April 27. The Apaches were riding hard to stay well ahead of Forsythe's cavalry; women and children up front, the warriors behind to provide rear-guard protection. The long cavalcade turned up a mountain canyon trail—and there the hidden Mexicans struck.

The first Mexican volley decimated the horde of women and children riding in front of the caravan; a score of others were quickly taken prisoner, among them Loco's daughter. The chief himself hurried up with his braves to engage the troops in battle. But the odds were too great, and soon the gaunt warriors disappeared into the mountains. Two or three old men deliberately "threw themselves away" to allow the younger braves time to escape. One of these veteran warriors, dug in behind a clump of cactus, killed eight troopers before he ran out of ammunition and was himself killed.

Colonel Forsythe arrived on the scene too late to join in the battle. Seventy-eight Apaches had been killed, mostly women and children. Garcia had suffered twenty-one killed and sixteen wounded. Most of the Apache fighting men had got away, including Loco, Chato and Nachite.

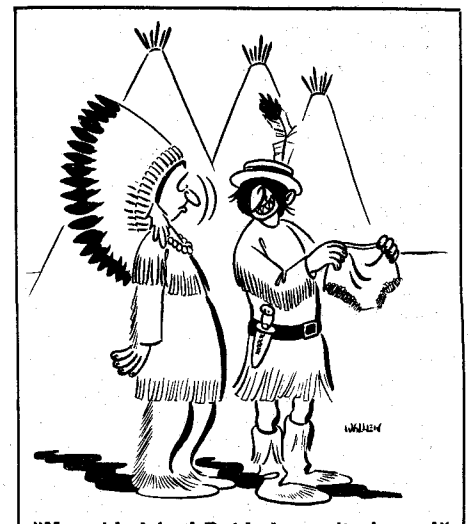
The American commander wished to pursue the Apache survivors, but Colonel Garcia refused him permission. Short of contesting the issue with bullets, there was no ducking the non-intervention decree. The Americans returned empty-handed to the United States.

AFTER ten years of uneasy peace, trouble flared suddenly among the White Mountain Apaches. In the summer of 1881, Nok-e-da-klinne, powerful medicine man, went among his people holding ceremonial dances designed to drive out the whites. General E. A. Carr, C.O. at Fort Apache, finally tired of the weird hocus-pocus and sent Captain E. C. Hentig, with two troops of cavalry and a company of Indian scouts, to arrest the medicine man at his village on Cibicu Creek.

The arrest was made without incident, but on the return journey to the fort, warriors from Nok-e-da-klinne's village overtook the troops while they were making camp for the night and demanded the medicine's man's release. At dusk, the Indian scouts in Hentig's command mutinied and fired on the soldiers. The Captain and six troopers were killed by the first volley. The maddened scouts tried to free the medicine man, but were driven off. In the whirling ruckus, a soldier made sure that Nok-e-da-klinne remained in camp by shooting him three times in the head with his service revolver. The Indians fled, wailing in horror and dismay, upon seeing the medicine man shot down.

That night Sergeant John Smith, in charge of the burial detail, thought he saw one of the Indian corpses move in the firelight. Fearing for his sanity, the Sergeant investigated—and found Nok-e-da-klinne crawling blindly along the ground, with the blood and brains oozing from the bullet holes in his head. Smith seized an axe, swung it twice—and Nok-e-da-klinne mercifully died at last.

Sergeant Smith, seeking some suitable souvenir of the grisly occasion, took from the dead medicine man's neck a medal that had been awarded him for his part in the short-lived peace achieved by Vincent Collyer ten years before. On one side of the shiny medal was President Grant's head and the words: "United States of America. Let us have



"No raided fort! Raided sorority house!"

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peace. Liberty and justice." On the reverse side was inscribed the sentiment: "On earth peace, good will to men."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Confession, they say, is good for the soul—and we might as well confess that we goofed on this one. Part of our duties as Research Editor of TRUE WEST is to try to hold down the inevitable verbosity of authors—keep them from running off at the typewriter. This author snuck one past us, and here we are—stuck with 15,000 words instead of the 9,000 we had planned on using in the final instalment of HAWKS OF THE DESERT. So—we just gotta print the yarn in three parts instead of two, space limitations being what they are. We're mighty sorry, and promise that it won't happen again. NBW. (The Author)

Mystery of the Dutchman's Lost Mine

(Continued from page 28)

the Thunder Gods of the Apaches are responsible? Now come, boys!

Do the Apaches still rule the Superstition Range today? If so, there's your answer. Are they within their rights, then, to murder white men to protect their shrine? It is a fantastic idea, in this modern day and age, but the truth has to lie *somewhere*.

Another angle: As the area in which the murders occurred lies within the Tonto National Forest Reserve, why can't prospectors receive the same protection there as would be accorded them in other National Forests and Parks in this country? What goes on in the Tonto Reserve, anyhow? Has all man-made law been suspended and the primitive Law of the Wild substituted? Please answer these questions in your next issue and restore my faltering faith in our American laws and law enforcement agents.—John B. Pitts, 915 Fairview, Nampa, Idaho.

Authors Clash

Dear Editor:

The current debate in the pages of TRUE WEST prompts me to speak of a book, *Thunder Gods' Gold*, by Barry Storm, printed in 1945. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the book, but on the surface Mr. Storm seems well informed. Several of his facts clash with those printed in the article by Barney Barnard in the August, 1955, issue of TRUE WEST. Why the discrepancies? *Quien sabe?* Authors' choice, perhaps. For example: Mr. Barnard stated that he was with the posse that hunted for Ruth's body. In Mr. Storm's book he has reprinted a picture from the files of the *Arizona Republic*, showing the posse that participated in the search for the missing prospector. Mr. Barnard is not in the picture.

In keeping with your articles on the Dutchman and his Mine, it would be interesting to read Mr. Storm's *current* views on the mystery. In his book Mr. Storm has reached a conclusion of his own concerning the identity of the person responsible for the murders. Lacking positive proof of the murderer's identity at the time the book went to press, he named no one. But the book was printed ten years ago, and since then Mr. Storm may have acquired definite proof. I do not know if this author

(Continued on following page)

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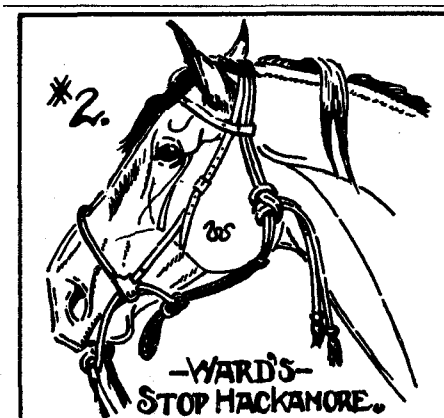

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Mystery of the Dutchman's Lost Mine

(Continued from preceding page)

is still living, however. The book was published by the Southwest Publishing Company of Phoenix, Arizona. At that time (1945) Mr. Storm was living in Phoenix.—Bill W. Collier, 4302 North Muscatel Ave., Rosemead, California.

How About That, Barney?

Dear Fred:

I read Barney Barnard's story of the Dutchman's Lost Mine in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona, and enjoyed it very much. I have been in those same mountains myself, more than once.

I have never met Barnard, but know quite a few people who know him personally and they all speak highly of him. Nevertheless, Barney contradicts himself in several places in his story. In the second paragraph he states that anyone is safe to roam the Superstitions at will, as long as they are not hunting the Mine. He confutes that statement by telling of the four boys from Tucson who went into the mountains solely to hunt javelinas—and yet one of the boys was murdered, presumably by the mysterious killer who guards the Mine.

I, myself, have roamed the Superstitions—with a party, with a partner, and by myself alone. I was looking for gold—not necessarily the Dutchman's Mine, but anything that looked like mineral. Every day I saw other men in there, from one to three in a day.

To be sure, there *is* a mystery concerning everything connected with those murders. I should like to know, for instance, why the old-timers of the area can roam the Superstitions looking for gold and never be shot at. This proves to me, at least, that the killer is some local man that knows all these old-timers. A cunning white man, he contrives to make the murders look like the work of Apaches. It sure makes an unhealthy setup for an earnest gold-seeker who also happens to be a stranger in those parts. A man would never know at what split-second a rifle slug might catch him in the guts. Anybody would be plenty nervous under those conditions—too nervous watching the crags for snipers to put in any serious work prospecting or looking for treasure.

If I were going to tackle the Superstitions again, I'd take along a couple of good dogs specially trained to give warning of impending danger. Still, I prospected the Superstitions and nothing ever happened to me. Maybe I was just lucky.

Another thought: I wish you would try and get Barney Barnard to describe carefully the spots where each of the murdered victims was found. Describe the surrounding terrain, etc. Such information might give a valuable clue to the killer's method of operation. Determining the murderer's "M.O." in this manner is established police procedure in all homicide cases.—Ralph M. Miller, 1901 Cedar Street, Pueblo, Colorado.

Examining the Mystery Through Historical Facts

Dear Fred:

Reading Barney Barnard's "The Truth About The Dutchman's Lost Mine" leads me to believe that the mystery is not in the lost mine but rather how the Dutchman himself avoided being shot through the guts and having his head sliced off. He must have been very shrewd and cunning—or else bore a charmed life—to have made so many trips to the mine and bring out as much gold as he did and still live to be 83 and die of natural causes.

Let's consider the mine itself. Was it really a mine? The Dutchman bragged that he did not even need to dig for the gold—all he had to do was pick it up. Mr. Barnard states that the gold was of such purity that it was sold direct to the mint. Nature is not in the habit of depositing so much pure gold in one spot. Does it not seem more logical that a cache of gold had been mined and smelted and brought there by man? Or men? Who were these men? Whence did they come? From where did they bring the gold? Why did they bring their treasure to this particular spot?

Let us theorize a little and go back to the days of Cortez and his conquest of the Aztec Nation, in what is now Mexico. At that time the Aztecs possessed gold the worth of which could not be guessed or estimated. It is known that with all his pillaging and torturing and murdering, Cortez got only a small percent of this vast amount of gold.

What became of the bulk of this fabulous treasure? It is believed that it was cast into lakes, hidden in remote mountain recesses, etc. It is also rumored that when the ruler of the Aztec Nation, Montezuma, saw that his people were doomed and would lose all their gold to the Spaniards, he told his warriors to take the gold and carry it far to the north and hide it where no man could ever find it. Just how many of the Aztec people went on this journey, each carrying a burden of gold to be hidden away, no one knows. Hundreds surely, perhaps thousands.

At that time, what more formidable and inaccessible place could they have found in which to hide their tribal treasure than Superstition Mountain?

What became of these gold-bearers can only be conjectured. It hardly seems likely that such stalwart and resolute people would return to their oppressed and conquered homeland and leave their gold unguarded. Rather, it seems that they would remain in this new land, adapt themselves to a new way of living, and keep watchful vigil over their gold.

Perhaps they became the Apache Nation. Or, if there was already an Apache Nation at that time, perhaps they be-

". . . and what have the boys at the bunkhouse nicknamed that one?"

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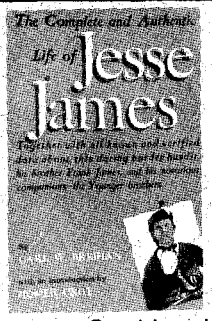

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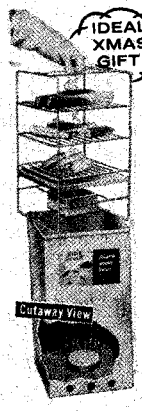

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came a part of it. It could well be that the descendants of those old-time Aztecs are still guarding "The Thunder Gods' Gold" at the Shrine of the Apaches.

Many things point to such a conclusion. Have not the Apaches always excelled all other tribes of the Southwest as hunters and warriors, and now as craftsmen, farmers, and stock raisers? Even the name Apache could easily have been derived from the word Aztec.

Perhaps the "mine" to which the Dutchman was led by the enamored Apache maid should be called Aztec Gold instead of the Dutchman's Lost Mine. If so, all the gold the Dutchman carried out is but a drop in the bucket compared to the treasure that is still there.—L. J. Beck, P. O. Box 492, Fort Morgan, Colo.

What Became of Thunder God's Gold

Dear Editor:

Concerning Thunder God's Gold, about which so many lives have been lost in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona, it is only fitting and proper that the public should be informed that the gold is no longer there. That's right—it is all gone, safely stored in a cave in old Mexico. I know that this is true. I saw the gold—over a million and a half dollars' worth of pure virgin gold!

But let us start at the beginning:

One thousand years ago a great Jewish missionary landed in America and taught civilization to the Indians of old Mexico. He also founded the great stone cities, the ruins of which still stand. He was called Quetzacoatl—the Thunder God.

In the year 1864, another Jewish rabbi named Floyd Gurley went to Lower California and re-established the ancient religious faith of the Mexican Indians as it had been previously delivered to them. He also established a hidden city in the Pedro Martir Mountain caverns, organized secret trade routes through the mountains, and fathered sixty-three children.

In 1892 his son, Floyd Gurley the Second, inherited the leadership of the tribes and spent many years among them. In 1931, the present Thunder God—who in real life is Floyd Gurley the Third—took over the management of the tribal activities. Much important business has been going on under his able management ever since.

First, he started a great educational drive and established an Indian treasury to consolidate the wealth of the tribes for a very definite purpose: namely, to obtain a better way of life as a new, free nation for his people. The gold mines in the Pedro Martirs, from which the Spaniards had been driven in the old days, were reopened; also mines in Arizona and California. The gold of the Superstitions was removed during the war in 1943, when white men were either otherwise occupied or too gasrationed to run out to the mountains every week end.

The second great act of the Thunder God is just now in the process of promotion—the act of securing free government and lands for his people. Under date of April 1, 1955, the Reverend Floyd Gurley, who holds the title of Thunder God and High Priest of the Apache, Terrahumare, and Pedro Martir Indians, filed with the Mexican Government through the foreign office of the State of Israel, a suit to declare the peninsula of Lower California and all

(Continued on following page)

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Mystery of the Dutchman's Lost Mine

(Continued from preceding page)

islands to the west of it owned by Mexico, to be the rightful property of the Indians and under the sole rulership and direction of himself, the Thunder God.

The suit is now pending, and if transfer is made, we will have a new nation born on January 1, 1956.

Needless to say, such lawsuits cost millions—especially when dealing with Latin-Americans where bribery is essential. That is why it is a useless waste of time and hazard of life for anyone to search further in the Superstitions for the Thunder God's Gold. It just isn't there anymore.—Reverend E. V. Sykes, Pastor 4X Gospel, Ensenada, Lower California, Mexico.

Lost Mine of the Klickitat

(Continued from page 15)

her slipping away, and he stealthily trailed her as she stole out of camp.

The woman traveled for miles up the Little Klickitat River, at last coming to the mouth of Black Canyon, a deep, dark canyon that comes in from the east to meet the Klickitat.

At the mouth of Black Canyon stands a large crag that projects out into the river. To pass this crag, a traveler must swim or wade through a huge eddy of water that surrounds its base; the only alternative being to climb a steep zigzag trail leading to the top of the crag and thence down into the canyon beyond. Arriving at this point, Morgan saw his wife take off her clothes and make a tight bundle of them together with the food and blanket she carried. He watched her start wading up-stream through the swirling eddy, then rushed madly up the trail across the top of the crag and down to the bottom of the canyon, where he hid in a clump of brush to await her reappearance.

Mrs. Morgan never appeared around the base of the crag. Waiting until the sun was high, Morgan took off his own clothes and started wading back around the crag, hoping to surprise his wife in some cave or crevasse. But there was no cave or opening where she could hide. Morgan gave up the hunt and returned to his lodge at the Indian camp.

Mrs. Morgan was never seen again nor heard from, and the secret of the mine was lost with her. The Klickitats hunted for months for some trace of her body, but nothing was ever found.

THE first season we were in our new home, a young squaw appeared at the house and asked Mother for work. She said she was a good housekeeper and knew how to wash, iron, and take care of kids. She was very light-colored, neat, and clean, and could speak a little English. She told Mother she was a widow, her husband having been killed the year before in a fight with a grizzly bear. She was left with two young boys to support. She gave Mother a long Indian name, but asked to be called just "Ann."

The young squaw proved to be a good worker, and Mother engaged her to come in one day a week and do the washing and ironing for us kids. Ann's two boys, Domineck and Schenums, were about my age, and we became inseparable pals. Ann, who in the meantime had learned that Mother's name was Mary, asked to be called Mary Ann. She was known by that name ever after.

After Morgan's death, Mary Ann told us her story. She was Morgan's daughter, but—hating him for the rat he was—had refused to be called or known by his name even though her two brothers were known by the names of Joe and Sigh Morgan.

Her father had been the most despicable man living. He had married her mother for the sole purpose of locating the mine and appropriating the treasure. When she refused to tell him the location of the mine, he had beaten her, burned her with brands from the fire, made her drink whiskey until she fell into a drunken stupor. Each fall, after her annual trip to the mine, Morgan would beat and kick her black and blue in his wild rage that she would not divulge the secret of the gold. The Indians knew of his brutality, but tribal law prevented any action being taken in family troubles unless the wife complained. And Morgan's wife, through some inscrutable sense of misguided loyalty known only to women, never complained to the tribal council.

Came the night that Morgan followed Mary Ann's mother from camp. She never returned—but Morgan returned and told the Indians practically the same story he had told Dad. But Mary Ann, as well as all the tribe, knew that Morgan lied. He had caught her mother and—trying to make her tell him the secret of the gold—had killed her and somehow disposed of her body. Without proof, the tribal council could not condemn him to death.

Thus was lost the secret of the fabulous gold mine that had been known to the Klickitats for many years.

Suspended around her neck with a buckskin thong, on festive occasions Mary wore a crude handmade cross of gold. The cross had been made and given to her by her mother. She had preserved it by keeping it carefully wrapped in buckskin and buried in the ground. Her father had beaten her in a vain attempt to make her give it to him, and had often tried to steal it from her.

This is the true story, as told to my family by the Klickitat Indians themselves, of the Lost Mine of the Klickitat.

"I can't imagine what they see in her. She's not even a 4-H member!"

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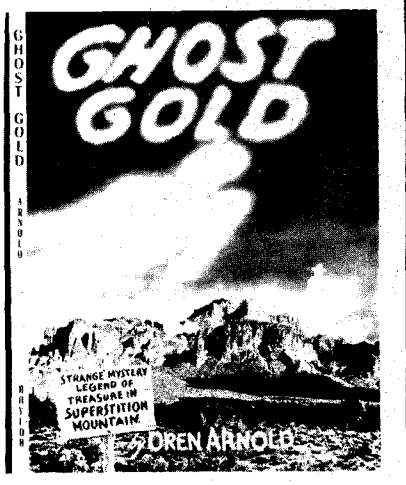

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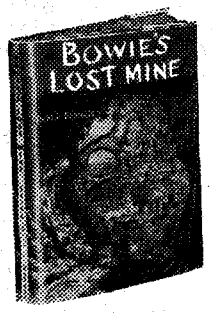

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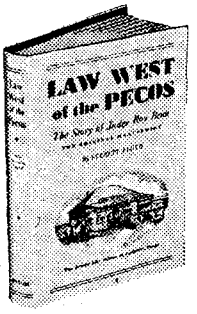

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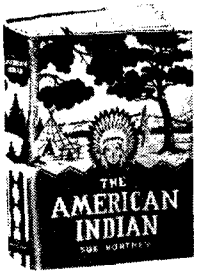

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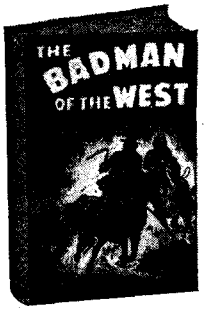

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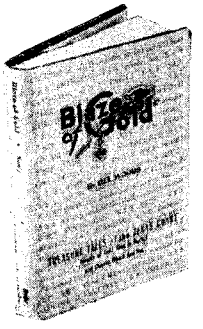

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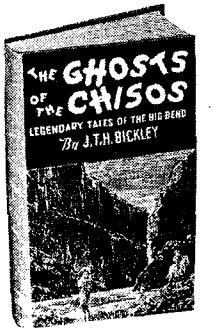

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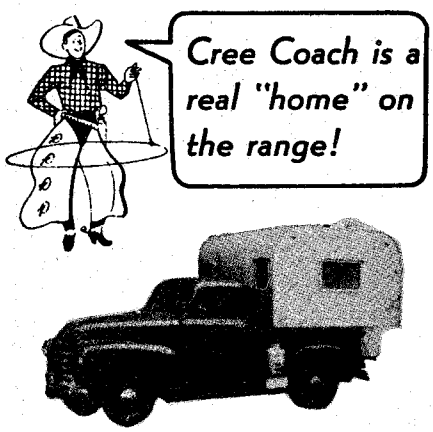

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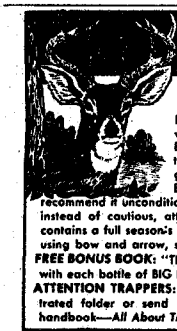

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

TRAILING THE COWBOY, (Caxton, $5) by Clifford P. Westermeir is a new venture in cowboy story telling. The author has done a magnificent job of digging into fresh source material that originated from the pens of frontier journalists who lived when the cowboy originated and flourished. He has drawn on numerous examples of these observations by writers who saw the cowboy in action.

Most of the material was taken from newspapers, books and other periodicals written prior to 1900 that reported cowboy news while hot. This book is developed from word-for-word accounts of pioneer chroniclers' stories of the cowboy's origin, his work, social life, hardships, thrills, and dangers.

Chapter introductions and divisions written by Westermeir are italicized to segregate the author's comments from original material by frontier writers.

The author also is a professional cowboy artist and has illustrated this book. This is first class cowboy stuff.

KING RANCH

BREEDING BEEF CATTLE FOR UNFAVORABLE ENVIRONMENTS (University of Texas Press, $4.75), edited by Albert O. Rhoad. To commemorate the 100th anniversary of the famous King Ranch of Texas an international conference of scientists and cattle breeders assembled for a special Centennial meeting. This book presents the papers given at the symposium. The gathering was made up of ranchers, geneticists, nutritionists, botanists, veterinary scientists, and climatologists. Since the problems of intense heat and arid range are common in many parts of the world, the exchange of ideas will have world-wide value.

Of particular interest to American readers will be the chapter on "Our One Hundred Years of Ranching," by Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., King Ranch president and general manager. Kleberg's story is basically the history of the development of the Santa Gertrudis, the great new breed of American cattle.

OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN

ALIAS BILLY THE KID (University of New Mexico Press, $4) by C. L. Sonnichsen and William V. Morrison, is almost sure to be the most controversial Western book of the year. The authors have done a masterful job of putting together Brushy Bill Roberts' story. In 1950, Brushy Bill, then 90, confessed he was Billy the Kid and asked Governor Mabry of New Mexico for a pardon. The case was a newspaper headliner for a few days but ended with Brushy Bill's death on December 27, 1950.

True, the rumor of a living Billy has persisted through the years but Brushy Bill almost persuadeth us. But only "almost"—the story he told follows closely the most widely accepted version of the events in the Kid's career with one notable exception. The way Brushy Bill tells it there was a gun-fight at Pete Maxwell's that fatal night in July, 1881. He was wounded three times and his partner Billy Barlow killed. Barlow's body was passed off as that of Billy the Kid.

The authors, in a footnote, admit that this is "the weakest link in his narrative" and emphasize the lack of any reference to Barlow in the records. The weak link in the opinion of these old Westerners is that there was no gun fight at Maxwell's! Discount the testimony of Pat Garrett for the moment, but recognize that there was another witness whose honesty has never been challenged, John W. Poe. Garrett and Poe were on friendly terms back in 1881 but later fell out over money matters and they became political enemies. Yet their accounts of the happening at Maxwell's are in agreement in all major respects. Poe's account was written long after he split with Garrett.

So it is just "almost"—yet it seems that Brushy Bill must have been a participant in some of the events in those troubled days in New Mexico. Since he wasn't Billy the Kid, who was he?

This book is a very worthwhile contribution to the Billy the Kid legend. There is a lengthy appendix with transcripts of many of the legal documents concerning the Kid, an adequate index, and some good illustrations.

And so the legend grows!

Ed Bartholomew's BLACK JACK KETCHUM, LAST OF THE HOLD-UP KINGS (Frontier Press, $2.50) attempts to separate fact from fiction in describing the exploits of this notorious southwestern outlaw. In doing so, the author re-traced many of Ketchum's trails, talked with old-timers who claimed to have known him, and searched out the many newspaper accounts of the times. These were so conflicting and there were so many other outlaws whose trails crossed Ketchum's at one time or another that only the outline of Ketchum's actual participation in the many crimes ascribed to him emerges. The merger of the Ketchum-Cassidy gangs is discussed and the details of the careers of The Wild Bunch tends to detract from the Ketchum biography. The book is illustrated with photographs from the Rose Collection and the edition is limited to 1,000 copies.

TAOS ARTISTS

Laura M. Bickerstaff's PIONEER ARTISTS OF TAOS (Sage Books, $3) is the biographies of the first six artists to settle at 7,000-feet-high Taos, New Mexico. Oscar E. Berninghans, Ernest L. Blumenschein, E. Irving Couse, W. Herbert (Buck) Dunton, Bert C. Phillips

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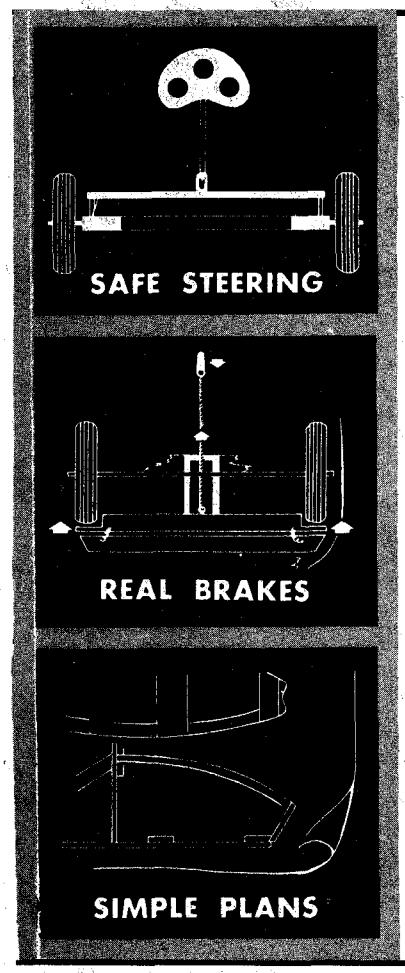

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and John Henry Sharp, great names all, were the pioneers and charter members of the Taos Society of Artists. There is a photo of each of the six and a number of illustrations by each.

In addition, Ernest Blumenschein has written a fine introduction in which he pays tribute to two other early Taos artists, Walter Ufer and Victor Higgins.

This is a fine contribution to the history of the great Taos art center. Each of the featured pioneers richly deserves the recognition accorded him.

TEXAS

TEXAS TRADITION (Holt, $3.50) by Ross Phares is a competent compilation of Texas legends, sayings, humor, and true tales. Much of the material appeared in the author's syndicated column, "Texas Parade," as choice selections from the writings of John C. Duval, Noah Smithwick, J. Frank Dobie, J. Evetts Haley, N. A. Jennings, and many others. A nice job of assembling makes this a readable book and there are some good illustrations by Nick Eggenhofer.

TEXAS SAMPLER (Oxford Book Co., 70c wraps, $1.10 cloth) edited by Eula Phares Mohle, is a good Texas anthology in the Students Pocket Library. J. Frank Dobie tells a treasure tale, Dr. Walter Webb a Texas Ranger story, and James Farber a Civil War yarn. J. W. Wilbarger's "Cynthia Ann Parker" and "Big Foot Wallace and the Indians" are old favorites. O. Henry and George Sessions Perry are represented by short stories and there are some fine ballads and lyrics including S. Omar Barker's "Jack Potter's Courtin'."

SOUTHWEST

WAH-TO-YAH AND THE TAOS TRAIL (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.00) by Lewis H. Garrard is Volume 5 in the very popular "The Western Frontier Library." There is a good introduction by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., author of THE BIG SKY and an authority on Mountain Men. This amazingly entertaining book, first issued in 1850, was written when the author was 20 years old and is the eye-witness story of 10 months he spent on the Santa Fe Trail, at Bent's Fort, at Taos, and at Fort Mann in the years 1846-47. He met and wrote about Kit Carson, William Bent, Jim Beckwourth and other famous mountain men. His was the young eye for everything going on and he set it all down just the way it happened, without any attempt at the literary. Mighty good.

THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST (Simon & Shuster, $1 paper bound; $1.95 cloth) by Natt N. Dodge & Herbert S. Zim, is a deluxe guide book to the wide open spaces of the great Southwest. There are more than 400 illustrations in full color covering natural wonders, Indian villages, historic sites, scenic routes, guide maps, public parks, minerals, animals, birds, trees, shrubs and flowers.

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Somewhere along memory's trail, Herman Lehmann, the white boy riding with the Indians in "The Staked Plains Fight" became "Fisher." Lehmann told the story of his captivity to Jonathan Jones, and it is included in his INDIANOLOGY, now a Texas rarity. In 1927 with the editorial help of that great regional historian, J. Marvin Hunter, Lehmann wrote his own story, NINE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS, 1870-1879. Such minor slips as "Fisher" for "Lehmann" are annoying but not serious.

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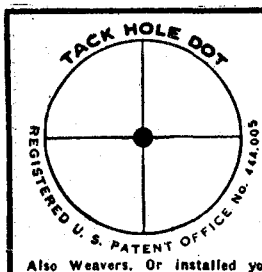

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Truly Western

Pistol Pete and Chief Big Bear Hit the Trail Again!

Howdy Joe, Fred, Norm, Angel and the whole dadgum staff of TRUE WEST:

You boys and gals are doing a good job, recreating the atmosphere of the Old West and helping to perpetuate the memory of the rugged old-timers who made the country back there in the old wild days. Did you realize that a few of those wonderful old boys are still alive? For instance, Frank (Pistol Pete) Eaton, 95-year-old former Indian Territory marshal, and his 114-year-old sidekick, Chief Big Bear Two Hands, are still kicking up dust instead of sleeping under it.

Frank and the chief are hitting the trail again. But this time it isn't to keep law and order—it's to help out Denver scientists who want to know the secret of their long life. Pistol Pete doesn't think he'll be much help, but he's willing to try. After all, a trip breaks the monotony for the former lawman, who still packs his .45 with 10 notches on the butt, just in case some ornery *hombre* gets out of line. The chief, depending on Pete to get his old hogleg into quick action in case of trouble, is leaving his tomahawk at home.

Pete doesn't understand all this scientific interest in him, and doesn't much care. He and his durable Indian friend, who recently celebrated his 114th birthday, are heading for Denver to see the scientific folks just as a lark more or less. Eaton doesn't recollect who the folks are there who want to check them over, but says Jesse James III, who claims to be a descendant of the famed outlaw, arranged the trip. "They're just some fellers who want to ask us what makes us live so long," explained Pete. "Hell, how do *we* know? We both enjoy livin', so we jest keep *on* livin', I reckon."

Chief Big Bear Two Hands is the oldest member of the Iowa tribe, and believed to be the oldest Indian in the country. The chief got started off in life eating good fat buffalo meat, but seems to be making out okay these days on beef. Bot hold-timers knew Jesse James. The chief says he scouted for Jesse, and later helped white settlers make the run into Indian Territory in 1889.

Eaton says he knew Jesse James back in the colorful days of the West, when the name of U. S. Marshal Eaton brought terror to badmen. Before becoming a marshal, Pete earned his reputation as a crack shot by running down and killing a band of outlaws to avenge his father's death at their hands.

Chief Big Bear Two Hands isn't so sure about what has caused his long life. But both Pete and the chief agree that one thing helped—being able to dodge bullets back in the old days.—Floyd "Kid" Howe, General Manager, Montana National Cowboys Assn., Box 101, Helena, Montana.

Voice from the Grave?

To the Editor of TRUE WEST:

I see where I am in the news. Regardless of what some of your readers claim, I am still alive and waiting to take that last long trail.

Three years ago little Jesse left me. About 10 historians and teachers came to my hideout to talk and drink coffee with me. They gave their word of honor they would not give me away, and so far they have kept their word for sure.

Many years have flown since the old days. I have grown old and do not want any publicity. I saw how crazy some folks can get when my dear cousin, Jesse James, lay almost dead at Lawton, Oklahoma, in 1948. Jesse had a busted hip, but the reporters showed him no mercy. People aren't like they once was—times have changed. I'd like to see my kinfolks before I cash my checks, but I don't want any fuss made over me being alive. I cannot offer a good reason for being alive. The newspapers say I died October 5, 1892, at Coffeyville, Kansas, in the big fight with the lawmen there. Well, anybody should be able to find an old man easy enough. I'm not hard to find, and I don't make windy noises like Sister Charley Bell over there in Louisville, Kentucky.—Grat Dalton, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Uncle Charlie Strikes Back!

Editor TRULY WESTERN:

This controversy that has been running in Truly Western about Jesse James seems to have reached the ridiculous stage, judging solely from some of the would-be sarcastic and insulting letters that have been written to me by crack-pots and nit-wits who still contend that J. Frank Dalton and Jesse James were one and the same.

The latest character to pop up *via* my mail-box is none other than *Grat Dalton!* Poor old Grat—who claims he was never killed at Coffeyville and is now 94 years of age—has hit on the bright idea of sending me alleged humorous postcards about twice a week. Some of these postcards verge on obscenity. It would indeed be unfortunate if poor old Grandpappy Grat, at the age of 94, should suddenly attract the attention of the Postal Authorities by overstepping the bounds of decency. I am not at all annoyed by his senile attempts to act smart; in fact, I would regret it if this poor old misguided Grandpappy got into trouble with Uncle Sam.

Still another correspondent thought it a clever idea to explain to me the real

"Well . . . if he aint' got a poker face, he shouldn't play poker!"

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meaning behind the name J. Frank Dalton. I quote his exact words: "Do you know what J. Frank Dalton stands for?" Then the writer, Henry J. Walker, Box 252, Osceola, Iowa, goes on to say: "J is for Jesse, Frank to put Jesse and Frank together to give his close friends a hidden clue of who he was. The clincher is Dalton—Jesse's mother's maiden name."

Ye gods! How utterly silly and ignorant can some people become? Everybody who knows anything at all about the James' family history is fully aware of the indisputable historical fact that the maiden name of the mother of the James Boys (Frank and Jesse) was Zeralda M. Cole.—Charles E. (Uncle Charlie) Bell, 2511 Eliott Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Likes Indian Stories Best

Dear Fred:

Am enclosing $3.00 for subscription to the best Western magazine on the market—True West. We enjoy reading the magazine and carefully save every issue. Both my husband and myself read and enjoy all the stories, especially the Indian series. I am a full-blood Indian, Otoe, Iowa and Delaware. My husband is a half-breed Sioux. I don't know much about my Indian forefathers, and your Indian articles are a great help to me. They have increased my interest in the history of my people and given me knowledge of them I could have obtained in no other manner. Thank you very much, and please convey my thanks to the author of the Indian series, Norman B. Wiltsey.

It grieved me to read Edwin Sigler's harsh letter in a back issue of the magazine. Mr. Sigler evidently does not realize that he should not judge Indians by what happened long ago. We are all civilized now, and the young Indian people are trying hard to acquire proper education. Some fine boarding schools have been provided by the Government; Haskell Indian Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, to name one. It seems to me, in these troubled times, that all races—black, white, yellow, and red—should try to understand that we are all human beings and all equal in the sight of God. —(Mr. and Mrs.) Jeanette M. Runnels and Jack Ray Runnels, 11 Le Moyne Gardens, Harlingen, Texas.

How Soapy Smith Died

Dear Editor:

This letter to you is in reference to an article printed in True West about Soapy Smith. This article recently came to my attention and I thought you might appreciate a few words from an old time Klondiker.

The writer of the piece, John T. Lynch, is substantially correct, but I wish to add my bit, as I was a friend of Frank Reid, and I am one of the few men now living who worked on the pack trains (27 head of horses) and also by sleds, taking all kinds of goods over White Pass and to Lake Bennett in those hectic days.

This is how Frank Reid lost his life. When he went to stand guard, he had only a small pocket revolver and exchanged guns with a friend. This friend told me personally that he had exchanged weapons with Frank, saying, "Frank, take my gun (which was a heavy Colt) and I will take yours."

Reid took the Colt. When Smith came down hellbent to make trouble, Reid or-

(Continued on following page)

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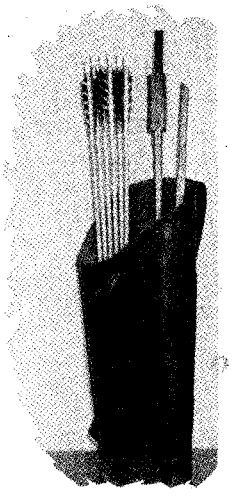

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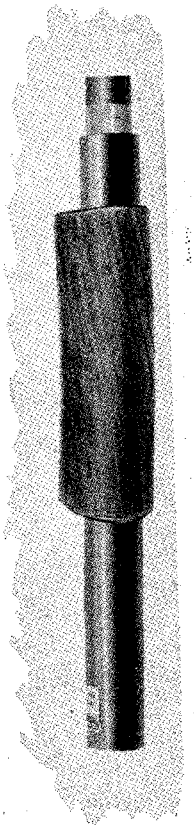

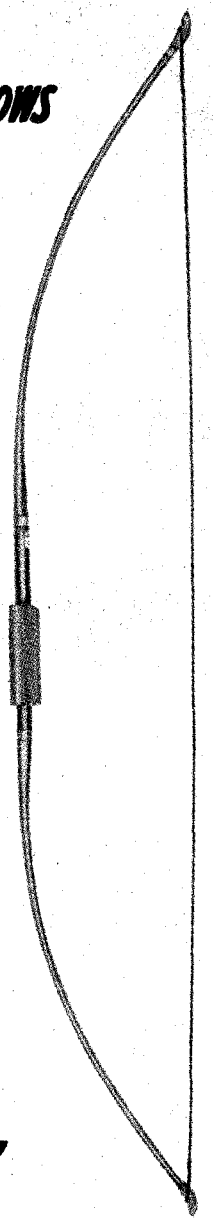

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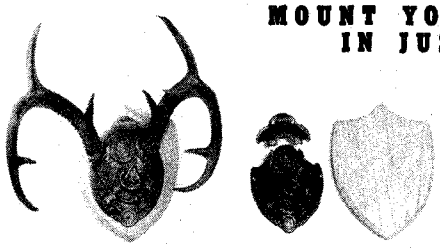

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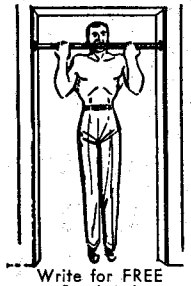

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

dered him to halt. Smith had his Winchester rifle on his shoulder, with his thumb on the cocked hammer, and he brought the rifle down and fired. Reid's gun misfired at the same instant. Smith shot Reid in the groin. As Reid fell, he pulled the trigger again and shot Smith through the heart. Reid lived several days before he died. The people of Skagway put a fine monument on Frank's grave.

Three years prior to the double shooting, Reid and I stayed in the same bunkhouse at Gaudette's Camp on Lake Whatcan in Washington, about 15 miles out from Bellingham. Reid was building a donkey sled for Gaudette. Frank was city engineer in Whatcan (now Bellingham) and I was on the police force there. I quit the police force and went to Alaska. Little did Reid think, when he and I were sitting in the bunkhouse on Lake Whatcan, that in less than three years I would be making wood out of trees that had blown across his grave in far-off Alaska.

I have every copy of True West that has been published, all bound together. Your magazine is tops. I was raised near Volcano, California, and I saw three men killed in gun fights before I was 18. Some day I'll write you about Ed Buschea killing Bill Martin in West Point, Calaveras County, a tough mining town. Also about my father shooting it out with a man, and about seeing Frazer fight it out with Bowie knives in Volcano.—Jack Parberry, Route 1, Box 29, Scio, Oregon.

Author Blasted

Dear Mr. Gipson:

I have read in sheer amazement H. F. Thatcher's article, "One Night in Las Vegas," in the August issue of True West. What in the world is the basis for this story? Please ask Mr. Thatcher to satisfy my curiosity by stating his documentation.

He tells about Tom Horn slapping the face of Billy the Kid in Las Vegas in 1874. Well, let's look at the record. The first documented appearance of Henry McCarty, later to be known as Billy the Kid, is on March 1, 1873, when he was a witness at the wedding of his mother, Mrs. Catherine McCarty, to William H. Antrim at the Presbyterian Church in Santa Fe. Mrs. Antrim died on September 16, 1874, and Henry went to live with the Truesdell family, then operating the Star Hotel. When the Truesdells sold out, Henry went to live with a Mrs. Brown. He was arrested for theft by Sheriff Harvey Whitehill, but escaped from jail on September 25, 1875.

There follows a gap in his life, but he was known as Henry Antrim when he killed F. P. Cahill on August 18, 1877, and when he was recognized as a horse-thief in October, 1877. There seems to be no mention of the name William Bonney prior to 1877. It is my theory that this was an alias he adopted after his escape from the custody of Sheriff M. L. Wood at Camp Grant. I suggest the possibility that it could have been his mother's maiden name.

In any event, how could Billy have had trouble with Horn in Las Vegas in 1874, when he lived in Silver City from 1873 to September 25, 1875?—P. J. Rasch, 567 Erskine Drive, Pacific Palisades, California.

Author Defended

Gentlemen:

Upon reading the June issue of my favorite magazine, True West, I wish to make a few remarks regarding an article on Page 42, entitled "An Explanation."

The subject deals with an article written by Kent Christy, who evidently gave his opinion of the Earps as based upon his research of early days in Tombstone.

I wish to state that when I came to that colorful old Western town, I started interviewing old timers with what I thought was a sure-fire means of getting quick conversation. I had armed myself with questions which I thought were appropriate and would draw the right sort of answers. I hit on a sore spot when I started boasting of the Earps. I found but one man in Cochise County who would say a good word for these men. I was hurt to think that my previous high opinion of them should be subject to change.

I ask the readers to see for themselves the coroner's report on Billy Clanton and the two "Lowery" brothers (former cowboys, the latter two, of John S. Chisum, renowned Cattle King of the Pecos). As I recall it, the name of Lowery is spelled McLowery in the report. Tom McLowery, as I recall from the report, opened his coat and said: "I am unarmed," after which he received a shotgun blast in the left side. (See Battle of O.K. Corral, Court House, County of Cochise, Arizona.)

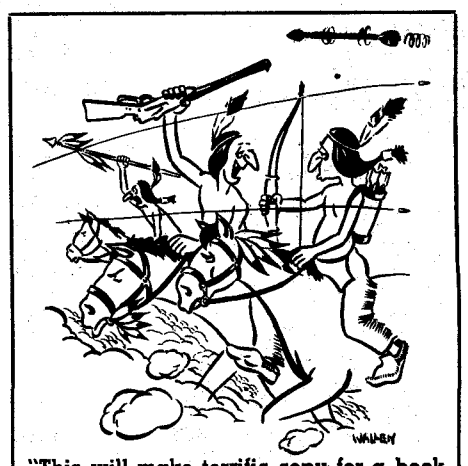
You might also note from the manuscript of Judge Hancock his comments on Walter Noble Burns' book, *Tombstone*. This paper is located at the Arizona Pioneer Historical Society at Tucson. Also see the newspaper clippings, "The Munk Collection," at Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California, regarding article by John Clum, before he became editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph*. See Judge Larrieu, of Tombstone, and have him tell you about the Earps' hearing at Contention. You will then learn if Johnny Behan, who arrested them, was a coward or not. Do all this—and then reconsider Kent Christy's remarks. —Albin A. Erwin, Nevada Inn, Reno, Nevada.

This Seems to Be a Durn Good Idea!

Dear Fred:

Well, pard, here I am looking for my next True West!

Fred, I know that everybody that has read TRUE WEST has praised it. Be-



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lieve me when I say this . . . I am recovering from a durn bad accident and can't do anything but fool around the house or walk in the woods looking for squirrels or rabbits. I do a lot of reading to pass the time at night, and I'll always take TRUE WEST to any other magazine on the market.

I've got an idea that will make it easier to keep True West in good condition when you've got all the issues as so many folks do. Put them in a binder that will hold 12 or more copies. I'm sure you'd sell a lot of them. I, for one, could use a couple to keep my TW in for the son we have and the son or daughter coming along in the near future. After all, we readers want to keep the magazine in top condition for many years to come.

You could make them out of imitation leather with a wild horse on the front, and across the top in big letters: TRUE WEST. Or make it out of horsehide that can be tooled with a Western design of some kind. I think that would go over kinda big.

Of course, I'm not trying to run your magazine for you—it's just an idea.—Shorty Maywald, Wautoma, Wisconsin.

From a Former Texas Ranger

Dear Fred:

I read the story "I Saw Them Kill Sam Bass" in a back issue of True West. Author Hart Stilwell did not state the facts, as handed down by the Rangers who were present.

I enlisted in the Rangers 50 years ago, and I knew several of the Rangers who were in that fight. One—a man named Conners—told me that he was there in Round Rock the day Sam Bass was killed, and that nobody in town knew that Bass and his gang planned to rob the bank. Captain J. B. Jones never told the citizens that Bass was coming in to rob the bank. He told Grimes and Moore not to arrest them and to report back to him. Outlaws and officers met in the store at Round Rock, where the gang had gone to buy camp supplies and also to look over the situation. Grimes asked Bass for his pistol; whereupon Sam drew and fired, killing Grimes and wounding Moore. The outlaws then ran out of the store.

Dick Ware, one of the Rangers from Austin, was getting shaved in the barber shop next to the store. He ran out at the shooting and took after Bass, Jackson, and Barnes. Bass shot back at Ware, and it was then that Dick shot him about the waistline under the arm. Ware's bullet tore Sam's small intestine to pieces. The doctor who treated Bass told me that Sam told the Rangers that the man who shot him had run out of the barber shop with lather all over his face.

After Bass's capture, the Rangers kept him in a schoolhouse under guard until he cashed his checks two days later. Before he died, he kept muttering: "They tell me that I killed a man. If I did, then it's the only man I ever killed."

Sam Bass had lots of friends in Texas, and some classed him as a hero. That's why the Rangers never let the people of Round Rock know that Bass was planning to rob the bank.

I have been a law enforcement officer for 50 years, and am now retired from the F.B.I. after 25 years in that service. I am living near Cedar Valley, Texas. My wife was a grand-niece of General Ben McCullough, an old-time Ranger who was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge in the Civil War.

(Continued on following page)

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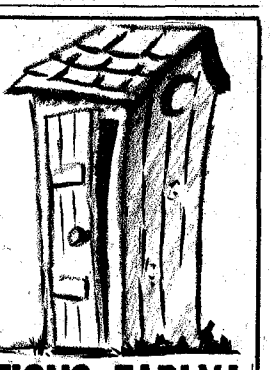

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

I send along this information just to keep the record straight. I am sure the Rangers' reports at the State Capitol will bear me out.—James C. (Doc) White, Cedar Valley, Texas.

Letter From Germany

Dear Mr. Small:

Yesterday I dug up, for the 10th time within one year, Vol. 1, No. 1 of True West, which a friend in Casper, Wyoming, was kind enough to send me last year . . . I am wondering how a German can be a subscriber to TRUE WEST despite the fact that he is not allowed, nor in a position to, pay with American money . . . Now I should like to tell you why I am so interested in your magazine.

In 1947 when I had my first chance to read foreign literature, I was fascinated by books depicting America's pioneer days. Books like *Here Rolled the Covered Wagons* and *Two Captains West* converted my original interest into a regular hobby. I endeavored to get in touch with an American who would like to discuss America's past as much as I do. I actually found such a man in Casper, Wyoming. Numerous letters brought us so close together that we became the best of friends. My good American friend was killed in a railroad accident. Needless to say, I was deeply shocked when the obituary notice arrived. Bill's tragic death left me with a number of questions I had broached unanswered. Therefore, I should like to put the unanswered questions to your readers by direct letter, since I do not get True West as yet. (Editor's Note: He does now, compliments of TRUE WEST).

I ran across the name of a man who claims to be a veteran of General Custer's Seventh Cavalry. He is Mr. Ed Ryan, of Custer, South Dakota. When I learned his address, I wrote and asked for his life story. Mr. Ryan gave me a very general outline in a one-page letter, stressing that he had but little time to spare as he was busy selling his book *Me and the Black Hills* to tourists. I wrote my American friend of this, and also inquired of the administrator of Germany's sole Indian Museum, who is in possession of a copy of the Official List naming all soldiers killed at the battle of the Little Big Horn. The administrator informed me that he was unable to find the name of Ryan on his list. My American friend Bill provided some unconfirmed details on the life of Mr. Ryan that failed to prove much. Bill's death prevented further correspondence on the subject. Since then I have had no American correspondent with whom to exchange letters. I hope to find one by means of this letter, if you would be so kind as to publish it in TRUE WEST.

Another question: Is America doing anything to preserve her old Western ghost towns? Nobody appears to realize that, once the last ghost town has disappeared, the last witnesses of America's old frontier will be gone forever. Therefore, everything possible should be done to keep these towns exactly as they were. It would not cost a great deal of money to maintain them once they had been restored to their authentic, original appearance. I'll bet there are many people who would be enthusiastic about spending their vacations in a historical ghost town which had been restored to the same state as in the days when the pioneers of America's West strolled along the board sidewalks and amused themselves in the same saloons . . .

From your magazine I note that there are many persons who take your country's history seriously. Surely some of these people have the means and desire to save at least one ghost town before wind and weather destroy it forever. I surely hope so.

In closing, I wish all those who share my interest in America's pioneer days the very best of luck for the coming year.—Gunther G. Bisco, Augsburg, Unt. Osterfeldstr., 26., Germany.

Bears Are Bigger in the Dark

(Continued from page 11)

but all we found of the bear was some piddling little tracks where an over-curious, not-over-a-yearling black or cinnamon bear, doubtless innocently interested in the inviting scent of dry salt pork, had also managed to scare the holy tar out of a couple of kids.

That day we tallied and salted Pa's cattle and still rode in home in time for hot biscuits and gravy for supper—and for me to enter two more philosophical axioms in "Omar's Favorite Philosophy & Other Facts of Life," to-wit:

1. No fire, no gravy.
2. Little bears snort big in the dark.

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2. The owner is: Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

(Signed) JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1955.

A. D. Leshikar

(Seal)

(My commission expires June, 1957.)

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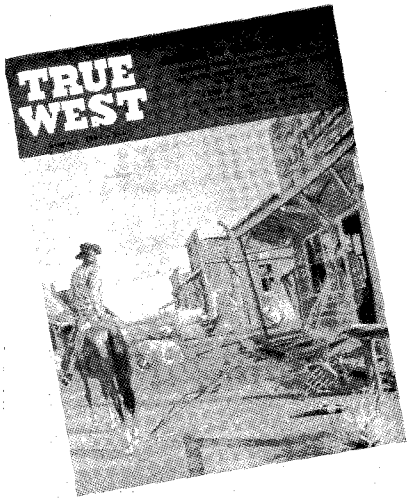

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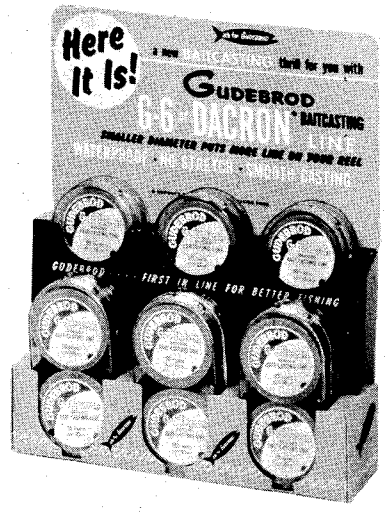

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